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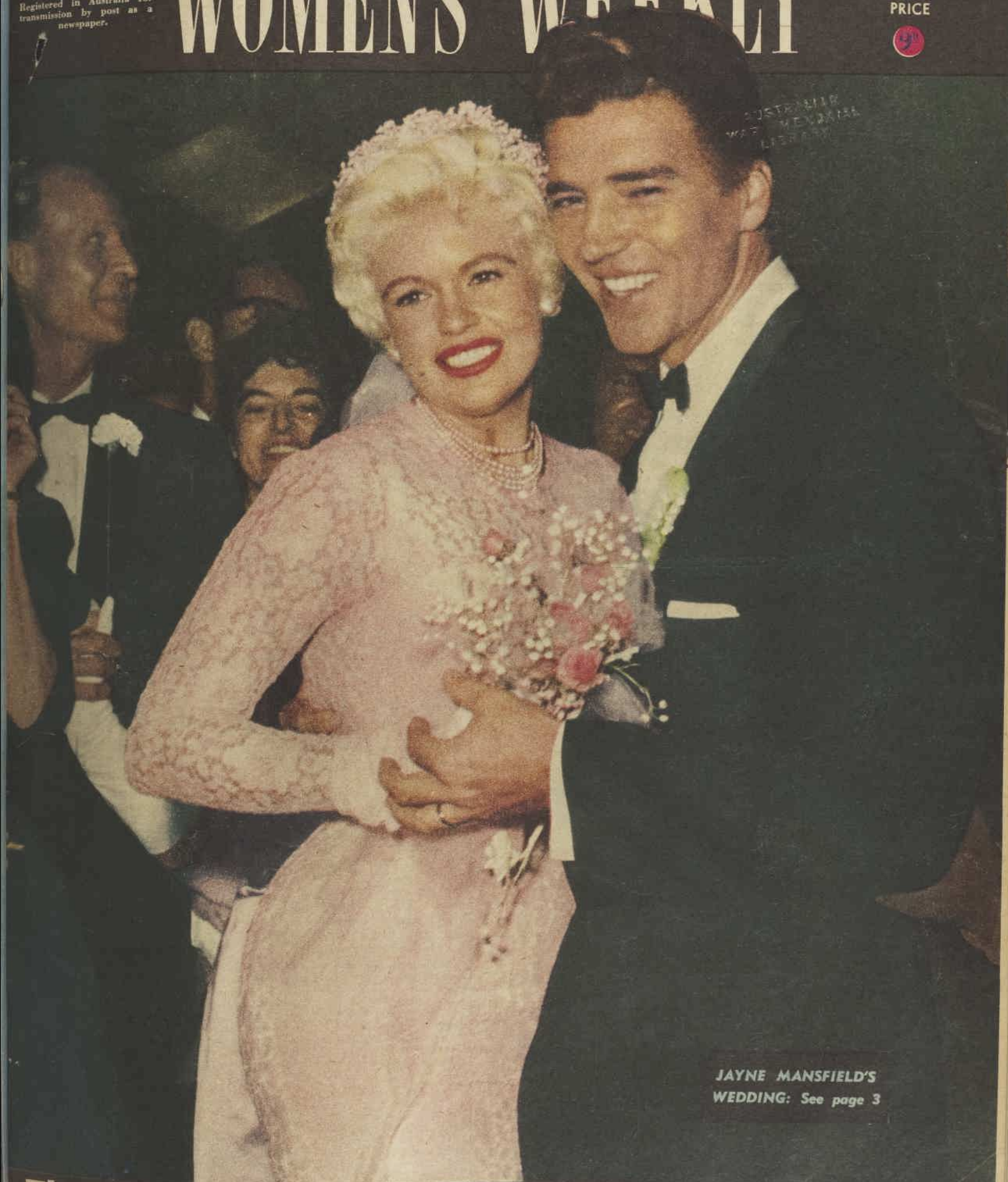
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

February 12, 1958

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JAYNE MANSFIELD'S
WEDDING: See page 3

The News in Autumn Fashions—pages 7 8 9

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FEBRUARY 12, 1958

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MIGRATION AND Our cover GAIETY

THE Governor General, Field-Marshal Sir William Slim, is noted for the simple, direct way he approaches major problems.

He certainly talked sense during his recent Australia Day broadcast, when he stressed that Australia must encourage migration if for no other reason than survival.

And he balanced his argument by pointing out that uncontrolled migration could be dangerous and that Australia must keep the inward flow of new people "within our capacity of racial and economic absorption."

Then he suddenly tossed some sparklers into this serious subject by arguing that a steady flow of new people would influence the national character, but not radically alter it, and adding:

"If over the years that means adding a touch of Mediterranean color and gaiety, a livelier interest in the arts, and possibly a little more interest in thrift and on learning, it would be no bad thing for us."

How true—and Australians will prove themselves a dull lot if they don't absorb some of the background, spirit, and color of so many new people from so many old cultures.

In a generation or two, and with the injection of new ideas, from food to philosophy, Australians will have every chance of being a much more interesting, more adult people than they are today.

• Hollywood film star Jayne Mansfield smiles happily for the camera man with her new husband, Mickey Hargitay, the former "Mr. Universe." The marriage—a second try for both—ended a two-year courtship. See other wedding pictures opposite.

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

• We were pleased to learn the other day that "Proud Echo," by Ronald McKie, of our staff, has just appeared in its fourth Australian edition.

THE book tells the story of the epic Battle of Sunda Strait on the night of February 28, 1942, when the Australian light cruiser H.M.A.S. Perth and the American heavy cruiser U.S.S. Houston fought against impossible odds for more than an hour before being sunk.

In the action, fought at the northern entrance to Sunda Strait, between Java and Sumatra, Japanese destroyers fired about 90 torpedoes at the cruisers.

Of Perth's 682 officers and men only 229 survived the battle and the Japanese prison camps to return to Australia.

The idea of writing a book about the battle occurred to Ronald McKie when one of Perth's officers, Commander P. O. L. Owen, showed him a diary, kept in a little notebook and preserved through years in a prison camp. He decided to interview other survivors and put together the full story.

Earlier, "Proud Echo" was published and serialised in England and the United States as well as in Australia. As a pocket edition it appears under the title "The Survivors" in the States.

MISS JAYNE MANSFIELD'S

FIELD'S measurements are famous, but she has a very pretty face, we think, as well as a rather remarkable figure. Talking of figures, in handling the story on the page opposite we discovered some conflicting accounts of Miss M's age. She seems to be 24, and her daughter seems to be seven, though, after studying the various versions of events we think that Jayne may have lopped a year or so off her age and then had to lop a year off her daughter's. Husband Mickey Hargitay appears to be a consistent 29.

• **W**OULD you like a honeymoon trip around the world? It's not impossible. Watch next week's issue for the announcement of a big

new competition that will make this dream come true. Even if you're not a bride you could win £1000.

• **O**VER the years, one of the most popular authors our readers has been Dorothy Eden. Next week we begin serialising her latest novel, thriller entitled "Lime and Danger."

The book is centered on a group of people living in a block of flats overlooking a quiet London square. On the surface they are ordinary people, but each one is assessed by some desperate action.

• **W**HILE Parisians are cited about the autumn spring collections—which have attracted more attention than ever before this year because of the battle of couture—take on the mantle of the Christian Dior—Australian women are thinking about their autumn wardrobes. To help them, Betty Keep this week presents the new in autumn fashions.



ABOVE: Jayne Mansfield is given an enthusiastic kiss by her new bridegroom, Mickey Hargitay, following their wedding at Portuguese Bend, outside Los Angeles. It is the second marriage for both the bride and the former "Mr. Universe."

Jayne weds her "Mr. Universe"

● Jayne Mansfield's all-pink wedding to Mickey Hargitay was a mixture of tears and happy smiles. It passed without incident, except for one awkward moment when it seemed the bride in her form-fitting gown might have trouble in kneeling during the ceremony.

BOTH the former "Mr. Universe" and his bride with the 40-21-35 figure were in tears after the wedding.

Hargitay made his debut in show business as a member of the chorus in a Mae West musical play.

Jayne rocketed to stardom when she appeared on the Broadway stage in "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" Later, when it was made into a film and retitled "Oh, For a Man!" Jayne again wriggled through the role that had made her famous.

For each it was a second marriage. Jayne, who had said she wanted this wedding to take place in a "holy, quiet atmosphere," sent out 100 pink invitation cards for the ceremony itself, and at its conclusion flew with Mickey to Dallas, Texas (about 1400 miles), for a reception at her mother's home.

Jayne's marriage to 29-year-old Hungarian-born Mickey was the climax to a two-year "courtship." The bride is 24.

Less than a week before the wedding, Jayne's divorce from Texan public relations man Paul Mansfield became final. Jayne had married him when she was 16.

Their seven-year-old daughter, Jayne Marie, who will make her home with Jayne and Mickey, was present at the wedding.

After a four-day honeymoon the bridal couple left to make a series of nightclub appearances at Las Vegas.

Bob Hope and actress Marie Windsor, with whom Jayne had recently made a tour of the Far East entertaining American troops, were the only celebrities who drove out to the picturesque Wayfarers' Chapel for the ceremony.

LEFT: The bride with the 40-21-35 figure. A beaming Jayne Mansfield in her form-fitting wedding dress of pink lace strikes her version of a conventional wedding pose. She was first married at 16.

RIGHT: Jayne, in sheath dress and mink stole, and with fashionably pointed shoes, happily greets friends before she left for the reception held after the wedding at the home of her mother in Texas.



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George Wallace: The face of comedy

By RONALD McKIE

● After nearly 50 years on the Australian stage and in radio, rubber-faced comic George Wallace is now receiving a new type of fanmail — from television fans who saw him recently in "The George Wallace Show" on Channel 9, TCN.

GEORGE WALLACE was a mess when I called on him in Sydney recently at 7 Doncaster Ave., Kensington.

He was concreting his backyard, and could just be distinguished from the concrete — when he moved.

He gladly dropped his trowel, kicked a wheelbarrow, barked back at the next-door dog, and proudly showed me his barbecue, an 1897 gas stove with a little frilly canopy, under which you light the fire where the grill used to be.

Then he took me into the kitchen, where we sat between a simmering stew, which he makes from remnants only when the refrigerator overflows, and a box containing Lady Poo and her carbon-copy kittens, Nock and Kirby.

When you first meet George Wallace you notice only two things: A face like one of those soft rubber balls which pop out in one place when you dent them in another; and the constant battle between his trousers and the force of gravity.

Even if he had hips, his belt-line would be a foot below them — and still moving towards the basement. A 5ft. 4in., 14 stone, conservative 50-50-50, he is built exclusively for the Sack.

Called "Onkus"

George Stevenson ("Onkus") Wallace is 64.

The George comes from his comedian father, George ("Broncho") Wallace. Stevenson has something to do with "that bloke who invented the steam engine." Onkus has been his nickname for years and comes from a stage act in which he was Onks and his partner was Dinks. And Wallace is Irish from Kilkenny.

"Great-grandfather Wallace was a marine on an early convict transport to Australia," George says in his voice like tearing sandpaper. "He was a mad Irishman, and they had to tie the old cow down to get his boots on."

"Grandfather was an editor — at Bathurst, I think. Father could hardly write his name, and I was born in a tent at Aberdeen, N.S.W., where my Dad worked in the meatworks. "A gale was blowing when I was born and I started turning blue."

"But a crazy Irishwoman grabbed me and stuffed my hour-old mug with hot porridge. It worked, and I haven't touched porridge since."

George's childhood seems to have been full of drama, for when the family moved into another tent, this time at Bourke, he was found stroking two red-bellied black snakes under the misapprehension that they were "Pity Wams," and a wayward camel, mistaking wee George for a tussock,



GEORGE WALLACE

words she said to me were, 'How have the houses been, George?'"

George went to East St. Leonards School, where one of his cobbles was Henry Lawson's son, but before his mother married Mr. Fuller he tap-danced and sang around the Pymont docks to collect pennies from wharves and sailors.

Then along came stepfather Fuller, who made printing ink, and who took George as an apprentice.

That was asking for trouble. Although George became an efficient mixer of ink, he could never understand the explosive relationship between carelessly tossed matches and kerosene-saturated rags.

Fuller's ink factory was alight and burning happily when George beat it for the bush.

George worked on farms around Kurrajong, N.S.W., and at 12 fell in love — with Ethel from the local rectory. He met her one morning while riding back to the farm where he worked. He had a basket of groceries slung on one arm.

"'Ullo, Ethel," he said.

"Hello, George," she said.

George was so emotionally overcome that he put his pony at a gate. The pony never made it. George went one way, and the groceries the other.

And he hasn't seen Ethel since.

Before World War I, when George was working in a Queensland sugar mill near Mackay, he tried to stop a man beating up a drunk, and the man turned on him.

Others separated them, but a fight, with the local constable as referee, a time-keeper, and rounds, was fixed for next morning at the blacksmith's.

"I was 16, and had done a

trod "right on top of me scone."

Three things happened when George was three. The family came to Sydney, father began his career as a comedian, and George appeared on stage for the first time.

He appeared in a pirate act and had to say, "Well, Captain, if you fail, I'll do the deed." But the public decided he was a bit young at three to be on stage. He was taken off.

"Around this time," George confides, "Dad came home one night, mad drunk, grabbed one of Mum's brassieres from the

clothesline, tore it to bits, and ate it."

"That was too much for Mum. She left him. Then Dad would come and pinch me, and Mum would pinch me back. For years I felt like a yo-yo."

"Then Mum married a man named Fuller, and for the next dozen years I wasn't George Wallace but George Fuller. It was very confusing."

"But Mum was a wonderful trouper. Many years later, when I was in Perth playing the Tivoli Circuit, I got a message she was dying. I flew across, and the only and last

George fixes up his backyard to try some Gracious Living...



● "Don't call it a stove, yer goat, this is my barbecue," says George.



● "A shovel? Arr... I'm doing outdoor planting."

And he's funnier off-stage than on

bit of boxing. But I didn't want to fight, although I knew I had to. It was one of those decisions a youngster has to make.

"I was lucky. I managed to wedge him in between the wheel and shafts of an old dray and give him a hammering."

Years later, when playing at the Tivoli, a man came into his dressing-room.

"You don't remember me," the man said. "I was the timekeeper up in Mackay."

"Of course," George said, "you were the bloke who belted the tin with a lump of sugarcane. . . . What are you doing for a crust?"

"I'm Prime Minister."

It was Artie Fadden.

At Mackay, too, he met Happy Harry Salmon, a sour Brisbane showman with a small touring unit, and offered himself to the stage.

"Your Dad's a droll!" Happy Harry said, "but what can you do?"

George, remembering his Pymont days, said: "Dance," and he was taken on at £1 a week and kept to dance, put up the scenery, look after the baggage, post bills, write publicity, and play the piano while the pianist danced.

That was the beginning of four years of wandering all over Australia playing in broken-down halls, and even shearing-sheds.

George also married a girl from Walkerston, near Mackay, during that period. Their only son is George, and a comedian, too.

Playing the back country was also the beginning of a career on stage, films, radio, and now television, that has lasted nearly half a century and made George's name, face, check shirt, low-slung pants, and little felt hat known to all Australians.

He showed me that hat — Jimmy, he calls it — and his old trick of spinning it up his arm and on to his head.

His first metropolitan appearance as a funny man was in Sydney in Harry Clay's suburban circuit at the Bridge Theatre, Newtown, at £4 a week.

In four years he was making £20, and when Ben Fuller (later Sir Ben) offered £25, he joined him.

George was playing at Melbourne's Bijou Theatre when F. W. Thring, of Eftée Pic-

tures, offered him the lead in films he planned.

Working in burned-out Her Majesty's Theatre, which had been converted into a studio, George made "Harmony Row," "Ticket in Tatts," and "His Royal Highness."

While making the latter, most of which he wrote, Thring asked George to collaborate with another writer.

"He was pretty good, too," George says, grinning. "He'd turned out a couple of books of his own. One was called 'The Sentimental Bloke.' His name was C. J. Dennis."

Then for Cinesound George made "Let George Do It," "Gone to the Dogs," and "Girl in a Million," story of pianist Eileen Joyce.

Makes dolls

During those days George ran around in a Rolls-Royce — acquired in a barter deal with a Sydney bookie who couldn't pay a racing debt of £800.

From this time, too, George began hobbies which still absorb him.

He collects small china animals. He makes dolls from felt — swaggies to senoritas — and has given away hundreds to children and hospitals.

He also paints, and the walls of his home stagger under the weight of paintings that range from Victorian-type landscapes to paintings that seem to have been inspired by the Aranda School of aboriginal artists in Central Australia.

"Bill Dobell has given me some advice," George says, "and Arthur Murch, who painted me for the Archibald Prize, has helped me a lot."

From his beginnings as a comedian George wrote many of his own songs — "Big Brother," "A Brown Slouch Hat" (which netted him £1000 in royalties), "16 Johnson Street." But the song-sketch which led them all in popularity was "Sophie the Sort."

Sophie was a blond con- ductress on a King's Cross bus when George got to know her. And she was tough.

"If anyone gets fresh with me I flatten 'em," she told him one day. And another day she said, "See that joker down there? He was rude. Watch me."

She walked down the aisle and swung her bag against the man's head. Then she apologised — sweetly.

Yes, Sophie was tough, and one day George went home and wrote the introduction to a new sketch, "Sophie the Sort on the Bus".

Oh, I'm Sophie the Sort,
An extra good sport,
Sophie the Sort on the bus.
Punching the tickets,
Young and carefree,
Knocking those jokers
Who keep pitching for me . . .

"Sophie" has been pinched wholesale and ruined," George says. "Only I can do it properly, because I knew Sophie and I wrote it."

All his stage life George has preferred to work alone, to talk confidentially to his audience, to watch his timing like a cat stalking a sparrow.

His greatest assets are his wet, fruity, rude voice, his elastic face, and his eyes, which look like large boiled lollies that have been left too long in the sun.

"In the early days people in the street used to take one look at me, clap their hands over their mugs, and start laughing. I didn't like it. I hated it. I got mad."

"Then one night I went on and the audience started to laugh."

"After six minutes, and that's a long time on the stage, they were still screaming. I hadn't said a word. I was scared."

"I walked off and the boys said, 'What's it all about?'"

"I don't know," I said.

"After the show some people came behind and we asked them."

"No particular reason,"

they said. "You just looked funny."

"Those minutes were the most tremendous moment of my career. After that night I never minded being laughed at in the street, though I've never completely got used to it."

"Which reminds me," George says, his tongue waving like a giraffe's, "that I haven't had a drink for five years and haven't smoked for two."

Patient humor

"The quack says I've got emph — something — a hole in my lung as big as an orange. When he told me I said, 'Not a big orange, Doctor, please'."

George says he doesn't know what comedy is.

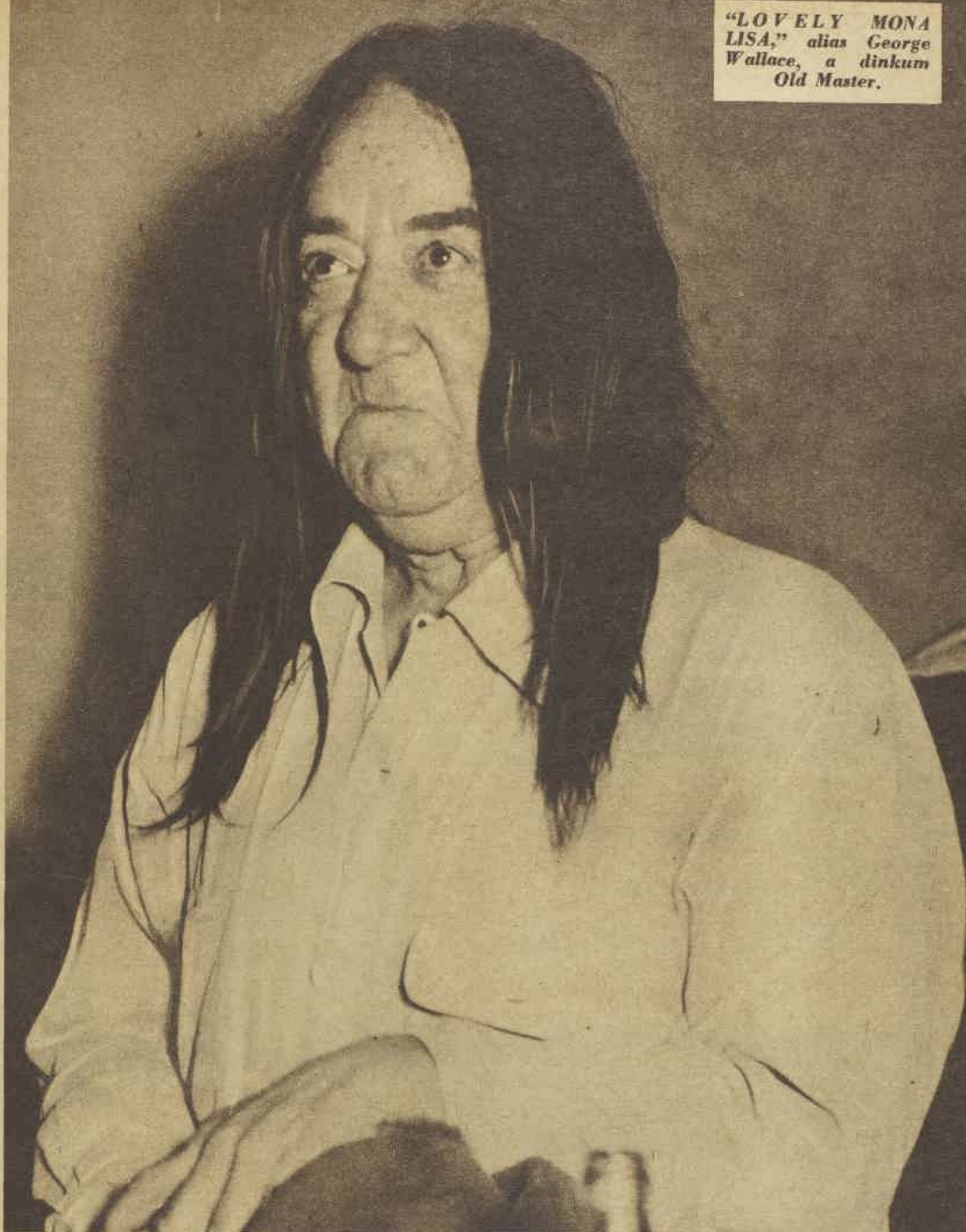
"Being a comic is my job, and I like it, but I often don't know why I get laughs."

Comedy may be a mystery to George, but not to those who watch him. An afternoon with him is almost a painful experience, for everything he does, and most of the things he says, are funny.

And, worse, to listen to his stage stories . . .

The one about the much-publicised professor at the

"LOVELY MONA LISA," alias George Wallace, a dinkum Old Master.



Princess Theatre, Melbourne, with his thirty-two white performing cockatoos:

"The only weakness in the act," George says, "was that the cockies had never performed before with a band in front of them. As the band crashed into action the 32 cockies took off and the audience fell off their seats laughing."

"It took us two flaming hours after the show to catch the cockies, and then we only got 27."

But one of the stories George loves best — he bubbles and burbles when he starts to tell it — concerns a dresser called Ned Eagan at the Criterion Theatre, Sydney.

"We heard one night the Governor was in the theatre and was coming round to meet me. The manager was away, so we drilled Ned to introduce me."

"We told him he had to call him 'Your Excellency' and that he should say, 'Your Excellency . . . Mr. Wallace.'"

"We thought Ned had it right, but when the Governor appeared Ned bounded up to him, waved his arms like Hamlet gone mad, and shouted, 'Mr. Wallace — Excelsior!' "I laughed for a week."



"Stop calling it a backyard; this is gonna be a patio."



"You'll get culture" (to helper Old Joe) "if I have to beat it into your skull."

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same exquisite fragrance and the caress of a unique creamy formula to complete your personal beauty care. Whether you use pink or white ... you can see your skin thrive on Cashmere Bouquet soap.

yet it costs no more than ordinary soaps!

The news in autumn fashions

By
BETTY KEEP

● Fashion has turned over a new (autumn) leaf. By day, it has discarded the obvious appeal of ultra-emphasised curves and plastered fit and adopted a relaxed line which understates the figure. This is the ignore-the-body look designed to suit contemporary life.

ise requires a carefully chosen bra (or perfect figure) to give the necessary young line the looser silhouette requires to look chic.

The correct bra is one that gives a rounded and lifted look.

Although the waist may be unseen, it, too, must be considered, for the smaller the waist the more elegant the chemise.

But autumn fashion has more than one shape. Back-blowing, bubble and harem skirts, the lasso or looped line, low, unfitted belts all go to make up autumn fashions.

The waistline often takes a drop, but never exaggeratedly so.

Hot news in every collection was the hemline, and almost certainly it's shorter.

Watch this one. The hemline is a very personal thing, and the most flattering length depends on the shape of the wearer's leg, and its length.

This Paris excitement about shorter skirts has focused attention on hemlines. Bows are used as trims, and self-bands below blown-up fullness make a much-seen silhouette.

Materials revived from the '20s

The new season's materials are out of this world. The new shaggy mohair-and-nylon (its bulk is pure illusion) is one of the delights of 1958.

For the '20s silhouette, there are fabrics reborn from that period — satin-backed crepes, crepe-backed satins, ninons, romains, charmeuses, printed velvets, silk-ottomans, and failles.

Velour coatings are so plushy they bloom like velvet, and the most exotic of all Paris fabrics is one called Roman de la rose—cut velvet on a satin ground.

For autumn, Paris blazed blue in every shade; pumpkin, apricot, orange, pale honey, amber all looked newly chic.

There were flashes of red, a delicious mocha, and here and there olive-green and bronze, plus lots of white to dazzle (and often glitter) by night.

Despite the popularity of color, black was worn (extensively) for both day and evening—never more so. The little black dress in soft wools and crepes was right back in fashion.

Suit tailoring is often brilliant. Pierre Cardin and Guy Laroche (both under 30) produced youthful, inventive ideas.

Suit tailoring is also under the influence of Chanel, whose designing has remained young and modern since 1919.

The triumph of Chanel's after-dark fashions was a dinner suit in gold and silver brocade, trimmed with gold gallow braid.

The Chanel jewels which sparkled on almost every costume in her collection are fakes of Chanel's own real gems.

They are worn with the same nonchalance of many years ago when Chanel startled the fashion world by teaming her fabulous pearls with a cashmere sweater and skirt.

It's my guess that the Chanel boldly checked tweed suit in pink and black, worn with a matching tweed bag and Breton sailor, will be every woman's favorite autumn daytime costume.

The surprise in suit designing was the suit that turns out to be a jacket worn over a dress.

In my opinion this is one of the most useful and chic fashions ever invented—mainly because there is hardly a daytime occasion when it does not look smart and elegant.

Voluminous winter coats

Coat designing was intensely individual. Balenciaga's big barrel coats were to just below the knee, with deep armholes and double-breasted closings.

The Dior collection included coats with a belt at the hip-line. Cardin looped his lasso line into straight-cut beauties. Balmain showed coats with shawl necklines intricately worked into stole-like sleeves.

Typical Castillo designing was seen in his soft-volume coats (the volume in the cut), designed for wear over slim, round-hipped, narrow-skirted dresses.

Some of the new dancing dresses were really short — to just below knee level. Short, fringed, and beaded dresses of the '20 vintage have a Charleston dancing look.

But the evening line does not always mean concealment. Castillo (at Lanvin) recognised that a woman has hips, and he neither exaggerated nor

ignored the bosom. Full evening dress from this house was gorgeous—feminine and flattering.

The House of Dior had many after-five-and-later dresses finished with daring, low-cut décolletages.

The hats that crown the new silhouette are full of news. The fabric hat to match the costume is general, and a "wiggly" feather hat quite sensational.

There are low-crowned sailors in velvet, crushy little berets, turbans and pill-boxes by the hundreds, and fur hats galore.

For evening Lanvin showed black hats in spiky tulle or dotted net, cut like fluffy chrysanthemums.

As autumn moves into winter, long-haired furs are right in fashion after an eclipse of several years; the most popular—foxes, lynx, and possums. But there is a prevalence of every kind of fur.

In fact, it's going to be a furry winter, with fur-lined jackets and coats and countless fur cravats and scarves.

A highlight at Balmain's was a spectacular white ermine evening skirt worn with a black jersey top.

Dangling chains strung with beads and long bead necklaces are the decor of the season. Dangling earrings are also general; and a plump heart made in fake diamonds and red stones, suspended on a gold chain, was the most palpitating and sentimental bit of nonsense in all Paris.



● Two important autumn silhouettes — the chemise (right) and the two-piece with bloused back fullness (left).

While in Paris for spring . . .

THE SACK IS HERE TO STAY

● The Paris designers, in their spring collections last week, wholeheartedly adopted versions of the sack.

DIOR'S successor, Yves Saint-Laurent, whose collection was a triumph, launched a trapeze line. This is like a pyramid with the top lopped off—spreading skirts from a scooped-out flat bosom.

Saint-Laurent showed also chemises. Although these are more waisted than the other designers', his belts merely draw in the sack fullness.

Here is a summary: BALMAIN: The sack made feminine by pretty colors (mostly pink) and rose prints.

His straight, tubular dresses have little matching jackets with bloused back-fullness or half-belted fronts.

More than other designers, he uses stoles; and his feather boas herald the return of ostrich feathers.

HEIM: The sack gone sexy. A flat look in front with fullness well back repeated in

evening skirts, some of them beautifully embroidered.

Many evening skirts reach to just below the knee and some fall in a series of handkerchief points to ballet-length or above the ankle.

PATOU: Straight sheath dresses reaching to just below the knee, but cut on the cross, often low-belted on the hips, and sometimes half-belted in front, indenting the waistline.

Although Patou has balloon skirts on short evening dresses, his long evening dresses are all on chemise lines.

GRES: Mostly high-waisted Grecian waistlines; the waists, when low, indented in front.

CARDIN: Real zing in suits with envelope skirts that fall from the waist in unpressed envelope pleats and taper at the knee; the jackets waist-length and easy-sitting.

His melon skirts (modified harem line) balloon from a

handspan above the knee and tuck in just below the knee.

DESSES: With much cross-cut fullness, he pulls material down from the shoulders and ties it over the hips in bows, belts, stoles, unpressed pleats.

LAROCHE: A sloppy, long-waisted silhouette with the shortest pleated skirt, showing long, thin legs to the knee. This collection, so like the coltish '20s, was hailed rapturously by teenagers.

HATS: Hatty and top-heavy, often dominating the entire silhouette. Lots have an Eva Bartok look. Pierre Cardin's beehive cloche perfectly balances the slacksack silhouette. At Dior, boaters, sailors, cloches.

COLORS: Very little black. Instead, colors—blue, yellow (worn with grey), off-beat bieges, including glue. But most of all pink—from palest shell-pink to petunia; at Dior, navy, white.

● Plump heart in fake diamonds and red stones on a golden chain.

THE loose line means that for the first time in ten years there is a real silhouette change. The silhouette is chic and sophisticated; at times it captures the aura of the '20s and the famous "It Girl" of that period. (Remember Clara Bow?)

The woman who likes her fashion straight can have it a la chemise. But this season every woman can experiment with the ignore-the-body line and still have some feminine clothes in her wardrobe, especially for late-day and evening. With both types of dressing she is right in fashion.

In spite of laughs from the men, the chemise has arrived. Attractive? Well, that depends on how it is made, and for whom.

The newest chemise dresses taper to the hem, revealing the contour of the thighs—at least when the wearer walks.

The bust is seemingly bypassed, but actually the chem-



● Skirtlines are shortening; how short is an individual decision.

Loose and fitted silhouettes in autumn fashions

Brilliant designing is shown here by Paris couturiers in clothes from the autumn-winter collections. Pierre Cardin displays clever tailoring in his "Lasso" line; Laroche has youthful pinafore dresses in wool and satins and a magnificent range of colors, from orange to light amber-beige. The easy line of Chanel looks freshly new in brocades for late-day and evening. Castillo, Lanvin's superb Spanish designer, establishes that the feminine floor-length ball-gown with "curves" has its place, even in the midst of a "no curve" season.



● Pierre Cardin's bright sapphire-blue coat (left) is made in fine-textured tweed. The designer calls this looped-up line "Lasso." The cloche hat, in a deeper shade of blue, is matched to the wrist-length gloves.

● Front flatness and back fullness, a current trend in fashion, are seen (above) in Cardin's "Lasso" line suit, with a swinging jacket. The hat, in velvet, perches on the wearer's chignon, with a wide front-bow trim.



● GUY LAROCHE, whose collection brought rounds of applause, designed the youthful suit (above). The suit shows how a half-belt swinging below the jacket can accent above-waist fullness, and achieve the longer-at-the-back look the designer introduced into suits this season. A wide stole of beaver is lined with the wool of the suit.



● Chanel's gold-and-white lame dinner suit (above) is lined with rose-pink jersey to match the superbly simple blouse. The loose jacket line accents the slim skirt.



● The young House of Guy Laroche designed the pinafore dress and jacket (left) in rough-surface orange tweed. The blouse is beige jersey.



● Formal ball-gown made in blue and silver brocade (right) is designed by Castillo. The form-fitting bodice and sweeping bouffant skirt are feminine and flattering.

Now! The first shampoo
that conditions your hair
while it cleans . . .

clean
&
sweet

—the pearly liquid cream
shampoo by POND'S



Feel your hair with its silky new
texture—as it falls beautifully into
place after a Clean & Sweet shampoo.

The conditioner in Clean & Sweet
makes a dazzling difference—it's miracle
P.V.P.—developed in America.

P.V.P. is precious! It's the conditioner in
Pond's Clean & Sweet that makes this pearly
liquid cream shampoo do more for your hair
than any other shampoo.

• P.V.P. lingers after rinsing—counteracts the
harsh effects of Australian weather. Clean &
Sweet gives you healthy hair
—brings out full natural
colour. And fast-foaming
Clean & Sweet does all this
with one lather!

Fabulous Clean & Sweet comes
in a graceful bottle—5/6 and
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Available at all chemists, hairdressers
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Another beauty product of Chesebrough-
Pond's International Ltd.

C785

New "Royal" channel for State visit

● Sydney TV channels have combined to create one gigantic
"Royal" channel for "live" telecasts of the most important
occasions during the Queen Mother's four-day visit to Sydney.

THEY have pooled their
resources so that tele-
viewers will see a mag-
nificent coverage of the
visit. Viewers will be able
to attend the biggest func-
tions, meet everyone, ex-
amine the dressing, the
food and decorations, just
by a flick of the switch.

To gain a "Royal" channel
the three portable studios
used for outside telecasts will
be used by the three channels.

To illustrate this: The day
the Queen arrives, televiewers
will see the arrival at Mas-
cot, the Town Hall reception,
and the Queen's arrival at
Government
House.

Because of
the tre-
mendous
organisation of a telecast un-
der ordinary circumstances,
each channel, using one cam-
era only, could have shown
only one of these occasions.

With the "Royal" channel,
all stations will cover all oc-
casions, and the viewer will
have the advantage of three
different camera angles. Un-
technically, the "Royal" chan-
nel means that every channel
has the same programme, only
bigger and better.

"Live" telecasts done this
way, after the arrival day,
February 21, will include the
visit to the R.A.N. base at
Balmoral and Manly Surf Car-
nival on Saturday, February
22, the service at St. Andrew's
on Sunday, February 23, and
the Government House Gar-
den Party on Tuesday, Feb-
ruary 25.

The Garden Party cover
will make the "What will I
wear?" problem bigger and
better than ever, I'll bet.

The "Royal" channel will
carry no advertising, not even
a dignified station identifica-
tion, which is a very real sal-
ute to the Queen Mother. In
short, no advertising sponsor
need apply for time on the
"Royal" channel.

CHANNEL 2's changeover
to new studios at Gore
Hill last week has given
everyone at ABN a tremen-
dous fillip, and the public
a glimpse of some good tele-
viewing to come.

The move from "The
Shed," the old 20 x 30 corru-

gated asbestos studio, took
more than a week, with a
final burst that started when
telecasting ended on January
28 and raged on throughout
the night to be ready for the
opening ceremony.

Telecasting from the new
studios began with the 7 p.m.
news.

A new news set did away
with the map of the world,
of which I am heartily tired
as a back-drop to news. The
new set includes a permanent
clock and, as well, one of
those very useful bits of fur-
niture that tells (if you re-
member to change it daily)
what day it is, and the date.

Such attention to detail

ago on TCN and his "new
words" at the opening, I'd like
Sir B. as a TV personality.

Accounting for many of the
smiles at the opening perfor-
mance was Sir Bernard's "dis-
run" (a rehearsal without
cameras) with the orchestra
prior to the opening.

It proved that the acoustic
properties of the new studios
(one of the secret worries of
the A.B.C.) were excellent.

After all the speeches were
over, the A.B.C. presented
Barbara Vernon's play "The
Multi-colored Umbrella." It
was an excellent production.

AMERICAN TV has come
up with a new and won-
derful phrase—
"nothing
girls." "Noth-
ing girls" are
girls who do

nothing but decorate a TV
show—they don't dance, they
don't sing, they're just beau-
tiful scenery.

Which brings me to "Dick
Hyde's Happy Talk," which
I've been carefully stepping
round ever since it began on
Channel 9, TCN (Wednesday
about 10.15 p.m.).

Last week I watched
First on the screen was Mr.
Hyde, smiling happily. He was
joined by musician Wilma
Kentwell and Nola Hyde,
Dick's wife, a self-possession
25, and (as you will see from
the picture) good-looking.

"Smug as you like, I thought
"Ha, a nothing girl," but
watched to learn that Mr.
Hyde is no nothing girl.

She has a nice manner, looks
good, isn't nervous, and is
charmingly, and is a good
news reader.

I thought I'd find out a bit
more about Mrs. Hyde. I was
sure I'd find she's been a
showgirl, in the business all
her life.

She hasn't been—although,
as she said, from the time she
was a child she'd had the
advantage of learning the
piano and dancing, and she'd
also been in "Uncle Tom's
Cabin" on 2SM.

The Hydys have been mar-
ried for five years. Before
that Mrs. Hyde was a stenog-
rapher in a solicitor's office.

She has had most of her
TV training round the Hyde
home at Lane Cove, where
she is a busy housewife. A
house to look after, the cook-
ing, and a two-year-old son,
Martin, add up to a big day.
The night I saw the pro-
gramme Mrs. Hyde read the
"Newsweek" (odd bits of
news about cars) and sang
"Little White Duck."

She sang sitting on a couch
behind a coffee table on
which was a homely-looking
duck out of Martin's toy-box
at home.

She explained to me that
her husband planned the pro-
gramme, chose the music, and
she typed the script.

"You see," she said ear-
nestly, "I'm essentially a sec-
retary."

I don't agree with Mrs.
Hyde. She makes the "Happy
Talk" a pleasure to watch.

TELEVISION PARADE

By
NAN MUSGROVE

gives televiewers an unobtru-
sive and useful service.

Missing from the opening,
which was mercifully short,
was the Prime Minister, Mr.
Menzies, who was busy in Can-
berra dining and winning the
British Prime Minister, Mr.
Macmillan; the Postmaster-
General, Mr. Davidson, who
was busy leading some Parlia-
mentarians on a jaunt to
Japan, and the General Man-
ager of the A.B.C., Mr. Charles
Moses, who was equally busy
abroad.

The Chairman of the A.B.C.,
Sir Richard Boyer, did the
honors and the talking that
opened the £620,000 studios.

I was interested to see that
the men wore lounge suits.
Things are different from the
formal days when sound
broadcasting started 25 years
ago and the A.B.C. insisted on
dinner jackets for all unseen
performers.

One of the people at the
opening who "said a few
words," and said them enter-
tainingly, was the Director of
the State Conservatorium of
Music, Sir Bernard Heinze.

Sir Bernard will be starred
on Wednesday, February 5,
when he conducts the Sydney
Symphony Orchestra in its
first studio concert.

From his performance when
he Met the Press some months



MRS. DICK HYDE WITH HER SON, MARTIN, 2.

Make your own Paris hats



"ROSALIND," the versatile beret designed by Simone Vernet, assumes a casual air when made in a pretty spotted or figured cotton. The beret is held snugly in place by elastic banded into the back. It is ideal for windy days.



ABOVE: "Rosalind," this time, made in organza. A front view of the beret shows the flattering design, with a slight pouchiness at the sides which can be pushed towards the back.

Simple French millinery— new pattern service

● The Australian Women's Weekly begins an exciting new millinery pattern service this week. Designed by Parisian milliner Simone Vernet, the hats are elegant and simple. Like the beret shown on this page, they have true French chic . . . and they are easy to make.

"ROSALIND," the unusual and charming beret photographed on this page, is the first of the pattern series.

We have photographed "Rosalind" in two fabrics—organza and cotton—to display the versatility of the design.

In spotted or figured cotton, the beret is ideal for spectator sports, for shopping, or a picnic.

It's casual and smart, and can be worn morning and afternoon.

The pink organza version is glamorous, compliment-inspiring at a cocktail party or on that special dinner date.

The evening beret is accented with

pretty embroidered ribbon, which gives it an added party air.

This beret is well within the capabilities of the most amateur needlewoman, and the pattern costs only 2/.

Complete instructions for making are included with the pattern.

The panel on this page tells how to order.

Simone Vernet—creator of "Rosalind" and the other hats we will feature—writes from Paris that she knows our readers will find her hats simple to make.

Then, she says, "they will have for themselves an easy-to-wear hat with a real Paris trend."

Madame Vernet has always made her own hats, and formerly she made them for "very special friends."

RIGHT: Another view of the same beret. "Rosalind" can be made in a variety of materials: gay cottons to match summer dresses, organzas for evening—or perhaps in velveteen, for cooler weather.



They were always easy-to-wear hats, soft enough to be thrown into the back of a car—or even stuffed into the pocket of a topcoat. But they were always chic enough to wear with a suit or smart casual clothes.

As this type of hat is a necessity in every fashionable woman's wardrobe, Madame Vernet decided eventually to open her own millinery salon.

Her designs had an immediate success in the boutiques of leading Paris couturiers, including Dior, Balmain, Heim, and Desses.

HOW TO ORDER

A PATTERN for the beret "ROSALIND" may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address is Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.

Tasmanian orders should be sent to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers send money orders only to Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.

No C.O.D. orders accepted. Please quote the name of the beret when ordering a pattern. Special price is 2/.



hopsac tweed— inspiration Ireland

Virgin wool* Donegal hopsac — naturalized here — yet reflecting in color the misty beauty of Ireland itself. The mellow textures of this smooth, firm tweed actually get better with every year's wear. And because of wool's remarkable vitality, it will wear for years and years. Here — in a golf skirt and lean pants tailored with the same pride of craftsmanship that distinguishes all Sportscraft garments. Cast a sharp eye on the pocket detail; note the stitch for stitch care. The skirt, XSSW-XW — about £6/10/-. SOS-XOS — about £7/4/9. Parma violet, wet olive, teal blue, chestnut, grey, all color-flecked — all exclusive to Sportscraft — at Sportscraft specialists throughout Australia.

*IN 100% VIRGIN WOOL **Federal Fabric**

SPORTSCRAFT

They're devoted to 'Queen Mum'

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

● The Queen Mother's entourage of 17 for the Australian and New Zealand tour is counting every hour of duty as a great personal pleasure — and honor.

THE members of the entourage are devoted to Queen Elizabeth (which is how they refer to the Queen Mother).

And from Lady Jean Rankin, C.V.O., one of her Ladies-in-Waiting, to Walter Taylor — whose title "Page of the Backstairs" gives no indication of his behind-the-scenes power — they all share her love of travelling.

Lieutenant-Colonel Martin Gilliat, C.V.O., M.B.E., the Queen Mother's private secretary, heads the list of this happily integrated Royal Household.

Much of his work is connected closely with that of her equerry, 34-year-old Major John Griffin, of the Queen's Bays.

Both are eligible London bachelors.

Colonel Gilliat spent six months in Australia as Military Secretary to the Governor-General, Sir William Slim.

Educated at Eton and Sandhurst, he was taken prisoner-of-war before Dunkirk.

After the war he rejoined his regiment and was later Deputy Military Secretary to Lord Mountbatten when Viceroy of India, then Comptroller to the Commissioner-General for the United Kingdom in South-east Asia.

Lady Jean Rankin and the other Lady-in-Waiting, the Hon. Mrs. John Mulholland, are constantly in attendance on the Queen Mother during the tour, as they are at Clarence House.

Mr. Allan Wicken, M.V.O., Clerk-Comptroller — chief of the secretarial and accounting staff — and Miss Muriel Mur-



THE HONORABLE Mrs. John Mulholland, much-travelled Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen Mother. She always carries a small pillow on tour — "my only tip for travelling."

ray Brown are dealing with all correspondence, cables, and paper details.

Mr. Wicken was seconded from the Navy for the Royal Tour of South Africa in 1947.

He has been twice with the Queen Mother to Rhodesia, and to America, and handled all the paper work on Princess Margaret's tours of the Caribbean and East Africa.

Other staff members besides Walter Taylor are the footmen, Patrick Taylor (no relation) and William Tallon, who also control the luggage.

While Patrick Taylor and William Tallon are a joy to governors' ladies and hostesses, the other Taylor — Walter — is an "iron curtain."

Everyone — secretaries, Ladies-in-Waiting, equerries, governors — must seek audience through him.

He has been 20 years in the

Royal Service, and was promoted from footman to this position of confidence.

Packing the lovely beaded crinolines, the chiffon dresses, and wonderful hats the Queen Mother is wearing on her tour, unpacking, pressing, and providing a different picture of the Queen Mother on each public appearance is the work of her two dressers.

They are Miss Gwendoline Suckling and her assistant, Miss Ivy Field.

Matching dresses with accessories requires reference to the key contained in a blue leather-bound book with the Queen Mother's Cipher emblazoned in gold and containing colored sketches.

They must consult the Queen Mother before pressing and hanging out the clothes she chooses, and make certain that she is wearing her Order when necessary.

Their hours are long, and neither is off duty until the last dress has been packed and the last jewel locked up.

In the morning they are first up, consulting the weather forecast before putting out dresses from which the Queen Mother will make her choice.

Henry Joerin is, perhaps, the luckiest member of the entourage. As hairdresser to the Queen Mother (and to the Queen), he has travelled widely.

Joerin's hairdressing salon is a family business — "Emil's". They have been Court hairdressers since 1889.

Mr. Joerin, of Swiss-French descent, has done the Queen Mother's hair all her life, and the Queen's since she was a child.

He is a remarkable person, a scholar, and of such wide general knowledge that the late King loved to tramp over the hills in Scotland or the moors at Sandringham talking and listening to him.

Typical of the Queen Mother's thoughtfulness is the inclusion of Miss A. Holland and Miss F. Bramford.

They are maids to the Ladies-in-Waiting lent from her staff in Clarence House.

The Queen Mother knows how heavy are the "off the red-carpet" duties of her Ladies-in-Waiting.

It would be impossible for the two women to care for their own extensive wardrobes.

Chief - Inspector Ronald Wells, of Scotland Yard, is another member of the party whose duties extend over 24 hours a day.

He is detective to the Queen Mother, and, as such, this is his first trip abroad.

Attached to the tour are two R.A.F. officers — Group Captain A. D. Mitchell, D.F.C., A.F.C., Deputy-Captain of the Queen's Flight, who is maintaining liaison between the R.A.F. and R.A.A.F.; and the medical officer, Wing-Commander J. W. Garroway.



LADY JEAN RANKIN, Lady-in-Waiting, who shares many of the Queen Mother's outdoor interests. Together, when they have time, they fish the waters of the Dee.

THE ROYAL RETINUE



COL. MARTIN GILLIAT, private secretary to the Queen Mother. A bachelor, he spends most of his spare time escorting his mother.

Lady Jean— ex-journalist

LIKE the Queen Mother, Lady Jean Rankin loves to fish, and shares with her, too, a love of pretty clothes. She has been a Lady-in-Waiting since 1947.

She is a Scot and was formerly Lady Jean Dalrymple, daughter of the 12th Earl of Stair.

"When I left school I learned to type and got a job in London as 'Miss Dalrymple' on a magazine 'The Scottish Field'," she told me.

"I was happy until one day the proprietor found that Lord Dalrymple, in the House of Commons, was my father."

He transferred her to his other magazine, which covered society, "The Queen."

While on "The Queen" Lady Jean met her husband, Colonel Niall Rankin, nephew of Lord Dynevor, who was a staff photographer specialising in bird life.

"Ours was an office romance," she said.

Col. Rankin, now a distinguished naturalist, photographer, and writer of books on ornithology, has visited the Arctic and Antarctic and travelled widely in the East, making documentary films.

He took Lady Jean with him on many expeditions. They married in 1931.

Lady Jean learned to fly in 1936, used to pilot her own plane, and when she volunteered to ferry aircraft on the outbreak of war was bitterly



THE QUEEN MOTHER leaves the Town Hall at Inverness, Scotland, during a recent visit. Behind her (right) is her Lady-in-Waiting, the Honorable Mrs. John Mulholland.

disappointed when her husband said, "No, you have two little sons. You must look after them."

The boys are now grown up. Ian has been teaching water-skiing in his holidays from Oxford, and the elder son, 22-year-old Alick, lives in Toronto, Canada.

The poised and soft, beautifully modulated voice of Lady Jean Rankin give no hint that she:

- Helped 22,000 Hungarian refugees in camps;
- Did all the cooking when her husband bought a fishing inn in the Highlands;
- Lives, when not in London, in a lonely farmhouse on the southern tip of the Isle of Mull, in the Western Hebrides, and, in a converted lifeboat, visits the wind-lashed Treshnish Islands, which her husband has turned into a bird sanctuary.

Her fourth Royal tour

THE Hon. Mrs. John Mulholland was first appointed Lady-in-Waiting for the tour of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, cancelled because of the King's illness.

Since then she has accompanied the Queen Mother to America, Canada, and Rhodesia.

Mrs. Mulholland, whose mother is an American, has no hobbies and belongs to no clubs.

"Being Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen Mother gives me most of the pleasures I want," she says.

Mrs. Mulholland lives in a country house, with a small herd of Guernseys, and keeps "open house" for her family, now married, and her seven grandchildren.

Clothes for the tour, Mrs. Mulholland said, were no problem. "I'm easy to fit and I just buy what I think suits me and is suitable."

She buys "off the hook," with special clothes from different couturiers.

Mrs. Mulholland shares few of the Queen Mother's outdoor activities and hobbies. But they have many other interests in common.

They keep up to date listening to the radio or watching television, and they like to see new films in the private cinema.

The Queen Mother's interest in hospital work is shared by Mrs. Mulholland, who is an important figure in the teaching hospitals of Britain.

Her husband, the Hon. John Mulholland, youngest son of Lord and Lady Dunleath, died in 1948.

Mrs. Mulholland has Aus-

tralian relatives by marriage. Her daughter Mary is married to John Owen Elliot, whose uncle is Sir William Owen, a judge of the N.S.W. Supreme Court.

Good-looking— but no photo

IT is a pity Major John Griffin, equerry to the Queen Mother, has not had a photograph taken since he was at school, because he is very good-looking.

And since he likes doing most things—dancing, shooting, fishing, going to the theatre and cinema—he is certain to be popular with hostesses on the Royal tour.

Major Griffin joined the Queen's Household in March, 1956, and has already one Royal tour to his credit—he went with the Queen Mother to Rhodesia last year.

His parents' home is in Dorset, but he has a small bachelor flat in London.

He took up his appointment at Clarence House after post-war service with his regiment in the Middle East and with the British Army of the Rhine.

During the war he served in Italy, France, and Germany.

He's looking at
you. . . are you
looking your best?



YOU OWE IT TO YOUR AUDIENCE TO WEAR

KAYSER 3D's

Girls! Let's face it — you expect as much glamour help from your nylons as you do from your own cosmetics. And with Kayser 3D's you get it! These exciting 15 denier sheers are so glamorous that they make so-so legs look oh-so . . . shapely legs even more so! And another nice thing about Kayser 3D's is they're available in 3 proportioned lengths for perfect fit and that means longer wear, greater comfort!

12" 11

Price varies in some States



Fashion toned to harmonise with
your natural skin colouring

KAYSER NYLONS

Grand Prize Winner

International Elegance Competition

THE BRILLIANT NEW HUMBER HAWK



THE 10th INTERNATIONAL ELEGANCE COMPETITION held in Rome by the Automobile Club of Italy saw the New Humber Hawk emerge as style leader of today's motor world. It won the Grand Prize of Elegance in open competition in a brilliant display of cars from all the leading car producing nations.

With its new aerodynamic styling and longer, lower, wider lines the new Hawk leaps years ahead. A host of new features add to the joy of ownership for people who are particular about their possessions and want a superior quality family car that doesn't cost a fortune to buy or run.



FULLY AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION is one of the many new features. There's more power with scintillating acceleration but with better petrol economy than any other big car. Entry to front and rear compartments is wide and unobstructed. Visibility from the fully wrapped-round windscreen and rear window is remarkable.

Once you have experienced the silky smoothness and silent effortless performance of this new Hawk you'll never be happy till you own one. You have the choice of 18 delightful colour schemes including both single tones and two-tones. Three models are available — Fully Automatic Transmission, Overdrive or Normal Drive.



THERE'S SUPERB COMFORT and vast new spaciousness in the new Hawk. You sink luxuriously into the soft seating. Extra wide folding armrests in the centre of both front and rear seats permit perfect relaxation.

Produced
in the factory
of
ROOTES
(Australia)
LIMITED



Passenger space is quite extraordinary with seating width of over 5 feet. The "giant size" boot provides nearly 20 cubic feet of space — ample capacity for holiday luggage.

Accredited Finance Company Industrial Acceptance Corporation Ltd.

BRITISH PRIME MINISTER'S VISIT



RECEPTION LINE. Lady Dorothy Macmillan shakes hands with newlywed Mrs. John Parshall (the former Mary Whitney) while Mr. Macmillan greets John at the reception given in honor of the visiting Prime Minister and his wife by the U.K. High Commissioner, Lord Carrington, and Lady Carrington.



PRIME MINISTER OF AUSTRALIA Mr. Menzies, and his wife, Dame Pattie, welcome Lady Dorothy as she arrives at the Prime Minister's Lodge for a formal dinner-party. Lady Dorothy is daughter of the ninth Duke of Devonshire, was married in London thirty-seven years ago, and now has twelve grandchildren.



TWO GRANDMOTHERS. Lady Dorothy Macmillan with Lady Slim, wife of the Governor-General, in the drawing-room of Government House before the luncheon. Lady Slim gave for more than ninety women guests.

● The Prime Minister of Great Britain, Mr. Harold Macmillan, is now spending a fortnight in Australia during his 30,000-mile tour of five Commonwealth countries.

This is the first time a British Prime Minister has travelled to Australia while in office.

When Mr. Macmillan leaves Canberra for Singapore on February 11, he and his wife, Lady Dorothy, will have seen the Australian Capital Territory, Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, and Tasmania.



ABOVE: Sir Leslie Melville (left) with Mr. Macmillan and the Chancellor of the National University, Viscount Bruce, who conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws upon the British Prime Minister.

AT RIGHT: Fourteen-year-old Alexandra, daughter of Lord and Lady Carrington, offers savories to the High Commissioner for India, Mr. P. A. Menon, and his wife. Nearly three hundred attended the reception.



TRIO OF GUESTS at the U.K. reception were (from left) Mr. Ian Bell, Mrs. Henning Hergel and Mr. Hergel, who is Charge d'Affaires for Denmark. In Canberra, Mr. Macmillan and Lady Dorothy were the guests of Sir William and Lady Slim at Government House.



COMMANDER DUDLEY SYMS, of H.M.A.S. Harman, with his wife at Lord and Lady Carrington's reception. Lord Carrington was Parliamentary Secretary to Mr. Macmillan when he was Defence Minister in 1954.



MORNING-TEA PARTY. Lady Carrington and Lady Dorothy at the informal morning party at Canberra House when Lady Dorothy met wives of the administrative officers of the U.K. Commission in Canberra.

This is the way
4 out of 5 families
protect their homes
against flies and mosquitoes



Mortein is the world's most powerful insect spray, the most economical and, by far, the safest to use. Mortein kills insects swiftly and surely, yet Mortein can be sprayed with complete safety anywhere in the home. (Although Mortein is so safe—it is not a "wishy-washy" spray—it has not been "watered down.") The insect-killing power of Mortein is greater than that of any other insect spray known.

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THE AUSTRALIAN YEAR

● Even the peaceful Yarra has its peak traffic period—in February, when a regatta every weekend means constant training for Melbourne oarsmen. Eight rowing clubs have their headquarters side by side in quiet parklands along the river banks, a stone's throw from bustling Prince's Bridge. Victoria is Australia's strongest rowing State.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31

From Maryborough, Qld., to Perth, W.A., 10,000 active oarsmen belong to 198 rowing clubs, including 64 in Great Public Schools. This picture, taken by staff photographer Ron Berg, shows the Banks Club Maiden Eight skimming along the Yarra, with the city skyline and the spires of St. Paul's Cathedral in the background.

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modern deodorant. 5/9

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perfume all over you!
Skin Perfume —
wonderful, splash it on
lavishly. 6/6

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lished on this page. Letters
must be the writers' original
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lished. Preference will be given
to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

WITH interest once again focused on The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize and Exhibition, I would like to suggest establishing in some of the Australian capitals art-lending libraries similar to those for books. Interested people could pay yearly subscriptions and a further amount for the loan of each picture. The nearest most of us come to owning a good picture is to buy a print. It would be marvellous to "own" an original, even if only for a month or so.

£1/1/- to Dorian Byrnes, Tower Rd., Werribee, Vic.

AS a visitor to Victoria I was impressed with the swinging tags all along the route from Albury advising of fire hazard in the forests. By the time we reached Melbourne we were much more "fire-conscious" than when we left New South Wales. Why not the same tactics in New South Wales?

10/6 to Mrs. J. Turner, c/o 5 Sargood St., Hampton, Vic.

GRANTING that chivalry is an admirable quality, it is often just a plain nuisance. The other day I was in a crowded lift where the men had waited to allow the women to enter first. Most of the women wanted to get out at lower floors, which meant that the men had to get out to make way for them, then re-enter the lift. The delays were both irritating and time-wasting. Surely the sensible practice in lifts would be to observe a rule of first out last in—irrespective of sex.

10/6 to Verna Butler, 12 Wheatland Rd., Malvern, Vic.

AS a hospital nurse I see some drawbacks to the idea that parents should be able to visit their children every day. In my experience many children settle down quite happily to hospital routine, especially if they are in a ward with other children. One little boy we had was an ideal patient. He chatted gaily, and took his medicine without fuss. Then came visiting day and his mother. She began by asking him if "they" had been hurting him, and if he missed her. It took hours to settle him down when she had gone. By all means let parents see their children daily (if practicable), but it seems to me that parents should be told how to co-operate to make young patients' stay in hospital as pleasant as possible.

10/6 to Mrs. Jean Alban, c/o 31 Ackroyd St., Port Macquarie, N.S.W.

RECENTLY I have witnessed three unfortunate accidents on Sydney beaches, all concerning small children and broken bottles. While broken bottles litter beaches and pleasure grounds, a necessary precaution for those out for the day is to take a small first-aid kit consisting of bandage, sticking-plaster, and disinfectant. It may take years to educate our citizens not to smash bottles, but as regards the young smashers, perhaps police, schoolteachers, and parental reasoning, reinforced by some plain chastising, may eliminate this dangerous practice.

10/6 to Mrs. R. Trenchard-Smith, 37 Towns Rd., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

If any readers are wondering what to do with their Christmas cards, I would suggest forwarding them to me. They will be greatly appreciated and used for making children's scrapbooks to be sent to the Inland Missions.

Sent in by Mirrel Vanderschaar, 5 Ivy St., Waverton, N.S.W.

Are migrants to blame?

I HEARTILY agree with "New Australian" (8/1/58). Many European migrants are so grateful to be in a land of freedom and opportunity that they are willing to overlook its bad points for its good. But too often you meet migrants who have more material success than many lazier Australians—car, their own house, money in the bank—which they freely admit was beyond their wildest dreams in their native country. Yet they never cease complaining about their new land, nor will they return to their own, with which Australia compares so unfavorably.

10/6 to "Old Australian" (name supplied), Booval, Qld.

REPLYING to "New Australian" (8/1/58). Because many English girls talk about things "back home" and compare them with the Australian way of life, it doesn't mean they are always criticising and condemning. They often need reassurance, and to talk about things dear to them is a real need. They will often take quite a time to settle into the completely new world — Australia. A little sympathetic give and take would not only help the newcomers but could also open up a wider world to the Australian.

10/6 to G. V. Thomson, 1 Ascot Avenue, Dulwich, Adelaide.

Family affairs

HOW many families have been faced with our problem—that of discovering schoolboy son helping himself to the housekeeping money? An astonishing number, according to reports from our clergy and family doctor. We solved our problem by using an opened money box. When full it holds pennies to the value of 5/-. It is termed the "spending box," and both son and daughter have free access to it for the purchase of ice-cream, pencils, exercise-books, and often an inexpensive birthday gift for a friend. It has been on trial for 12 months now, and its success is absolute.

£1/1/- to "Brainwave" (name supplied), Brisbane.

Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problems.

Ross Campbell writes...

HANDS up all the women who like cooking on a fuel stove.

Just as I thought—only one in favor. It's Mrs. McDamper, the oldest woman in the Riverina.

Most women today have a snooty attitude to the fuel stove.

I noticed it during the holidays, when we shared a beach house with the Woolleys.

Immediately after our arrival my wife and Wendy Woolley had a critical look at the cooking arrangements.

The main feature was a fuel stove called the Sootmaster. It had a piece of linoleum spread over the top, to show that nobody was expected to use it.

"Looks as if we'll have to depend on the primus," said my wife.

"It certainly does," replied Wendy. I don't know who Primus was, but there ought to be a statue of him in this country.

Most people are pitifully dependent on his invention as soon as they get out of town.

We had a bit of trouble getting the primus to start. Somebody had

OVER A HOT STOVE

broken the pricker. Somebody has ALWAYS broken the pricker.

However, it got going properly at last, making a deafening noise.

We ate primus food for a week—fried sausages and so on.

Then one evening Wal Woolley



said: "By gosh, I could do with a roast dinner."

"Me, too," I said.

"You'll have to wait till you get home," my wife replied. "We can't do a roast on the primus."

That was when the trouble came.

"Why don't you use the fuel stove?" I said.

The two women looked at me in astonishment. It was as if I had asked them to start wearing elastic-sided boots.

"You're not serious, are you?" said Wendy.

"Yes," I said. "Fuel stoves are wonderful for cooking. The best scones I ever tasted were made in a fuel stove. A dear old lady named Mrs. Snodgrass made them."

"Oh, Lord! He's started on Mrs. Snodgrass' scones," my wife groaned.

"Mrs. Snodgrass' stove was black," I said wistfully. "She used to rub blacking on it to make it blacker."

"If you like the fuel stove so much you can roast a joint on it yourself," said my wife.

She lit the primus, and its noise put an end to the discussion.

I couldn't help thinking how much tougher housewives were in the old days. They must have been like seamen in sailing ships.

It was the age of wood stoves and iron women.

We'll never see it again. And (you will probably add) a darn good thing, too.

That Night on the Island

"You're unhappy, Ted," said Cynthia gently as the yacht sailed slowly along through the dark waters, "and I'm sorry."

For CYNTHIA BOWEN, aged sixteen, the summer holidays at the seaside resort with her father and stepmother, HELEN, begin in much the same way until one day she meets TED SHENDELL, successful magazine illustrator whose work she has always admired. He is painting and repairing an old yacht he has bought, and Cynthia becomes his willing helper. An innocent friendship grows up between them, although Ted is engaged to wealthy BEA WALRIGHT. Cynthia appears to accept this situation, but in her heart she knows that for her Ted is the sort of sweetheart she had always dreamed of. She feels closer and closer to him as the days pass, and Ted finds himself talking more and more to her of himself and his unhappy, impoverished childhood. She, too, has known loneliness since her mother died and feels that this knowledge of solitude is a bond between them. NOW READ ON.

CYNTHIA could not believe it when Ted launched "Vagabondage" without her, and when she found out he had she went a little crazy. They had finished caulking and painting her, in spite of all the interruptions, and at last had her ready for launching. That was a job they could not do alone.

"There's a crew from the boat basin coming to get her into the water," Ted told her one day. "But they're so busy down there they can't promise me when it will be."

He had told her that. She reminded herself a dozen times that he had told her that. Ted had no way of knowing when they would come to launch the boat. He had no way of knowing that, on the afternoon the men finally came, Cynthia would be at The Bays shopping with Helen. She told herself over and over that he could not have postponed the launching just because she didn't happen to be there. But it didn't ease the pain.

When she came back from The Bays with Helen that afternoon she took her batch of new magazines and sprawled out on the lawn with them. It was almost dinnertime when her father looked up from the flower-bed he was weeding and said:

"Oh, by the way, Cynthia, I forgot to tell you. Ted and Bea drove by while you were in the village. He said something about going down to launch his boat."

She looked up at her father in wide-eyed disbelief. She couldn't have heard him right! She couldn't!

"Launching his boat?" she whispered.

Her father didn't hear her.

"Launching his boat?" This time it was a scream, and her father looked up startled.

"Yes. Why?"

She jumped up, picked up the stack of magazines and flung them at the rosebushes with all her might and ran out of the yard.

Final instalment of a two-part serial By GEORGES CAROUSSO

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

"Cynthy!" her father called angrily. "You come back here! How dare you smash my room!"

But she ran on down the road, his angry words lost in the thunder of pain inside her. She ran down the road until the breath choked in her throat and the pounding of her blood blinded her, but she would not stop.

When she saw the thin tyre-marks of Bea's car and the heavy double tyre-marks of the truck, she tried to run faster. The road straightened beyond Pirates' Cove, and she saw the cream car. It was parked and empty. The truck was gone. "Vagabondage" was gone.

She stopped running, slowly, heavily, the grace of her motion failing as the will to go forward left her. She stopped at the side of the road, panting heavily, feeling for the first time the sharp pain against her chest and the stinging of her bare feet. She stared at the empty car and the empty space where the boat had been.

The cattails had grown too high, and she could not see the bay. She saw the wide swathe where the boat had been taken down

to the water, but she did not go towards it. Standing in that opening, she might be seen. She turned and walked off the road, into the cattails, oblivious to their coarse scraping against her arms. They towered above her, a cold, clammy jungle spangled with slanting shadows, smelling of decay.

She parted her way carefully through the brittle stalks, and when they thinned out towards the shore she got down on her hands and knees and crept forward. As they opened out towards the water's edge she lay on her stomach and crawled. She saw the boat and closed her eyes quickly.

She lay for a long time with her eyes closed, feeling her heart pounding against the foul earth. The glimpse she had had was imprinted inside her eyelids, and she finally raised her head and slowly opened her eyes.

"Vagabondage" was there, floating idly in the calm water. Ted and Bea were sitting near each other in the stern. Ted was smoking his pipe. He was leaning back, and his head was tilted up towards the darkening evening sky. It was too far to see his eyes.

To page 43



I am Indian Tea...

**I meet over 50%
of the world demand for tea**

More than 27 countries around the world drink Indian Tea, at the annual rate of over 520 million lbs. All these countries, scattered over the globe and representing many nationalities, favour Indian Tea—the world's most popular Tea. Teas which leave India are packed in chests built to International Standards and, additionally, approved by the Government of India. Thus, the utmost care is taken at all levels to ensure that Indian Tea reaches the farthest corners of the world—garden-fresh and with all its refreshing qualities.

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To get the full goodness out of Indian Tea :

1. Take fresh water.
2. Heat water till it boils, remove kettle immediately from fire and rinse out teapot with hot water.
3. Quickly put into teapot one teaspoonful of tea for each person, and one extra teaspoonful for the teapot.
4. Quickly pour hot water that has been boiled into teapot and infuse tea for three to five minutes.
5. Pour liquid tea into cup, add milk and sugar to taste. Stir and sip.

PSTE.4

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As Mrs. Baxter does...

I have been troubled with constipation for many years. Now I take Beecham's Pills and they have helped me greatly.

Signed M. A. Baxter (Mrs.)

Certain laxatives operate before your food has had time to be of maximum benefit—they leave you feeling weak. Beecham's Pills are a special laxative treatment that ensures a thorough clearance *only* when you have digested your food properly and completely absorbed the essential proteins and vitamins. By taking Beecham's Pills you will relieve constipation and derive full value from your food. So choose...

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THE WORLD FAMOUS LAXATIVE *pills*

BE KIND TO MOTHER DAY

A complete short story by **CHARLOTTE EDWARDS**

FOR years Martha Kemble had gone around feeling sure that she was the hub of things, the solid, knowing core around which her household revolved. It was a good feeling, and it made up for a great deal.

Then one morning she woke up and the feeling was gone. She didn't realise what was missing. She went about getting Gary's early breakfast, started a load of washing, swept the kitchen, and burned the rubbish before the children got up, and she felt only lightheaded and strange. After Gary left she took an extra vitamin pill in case she was catching a cold, and carried the wash out to the back yard.

It came to her straight and solid, as she clipped up the last pair of Gary's shorts on the clothesline. She was lonely! Martha Kemble—in the heart of a family which consisted of a husband, two sons, a daughter, and an old father, all of whom needed her, relied on her—was as lonesome as if she lived on a desert island and hadn't spoken to a human being for a dozen years.

She shook her head and smiled a little, and went in to set the breakfast table for the rest of them. It was a long table to be lonely at. But somebody had written about being most alone in crowds, and maybe that was the way it was with her.

They all came down eventually, and Martha sat at the head of the table, made toast, buttered it, poured coffee, and looked them all over.

Father's white mane stood up proudly above his thin brown

face. He was a gardener from the heart out, pulling his weight by keeping the family supplied with vegetables and fruit practically all the year round. He had the look this morning of being the stone pulled back in a slingshot, ready to bolt out the back door and lose himself in the dark beyond earth and his constant battle with little bugs who didn't want him to have his own way.

When Martha looked steadily at him, he winked one eye slowly and said, "I think I have that aphid almost licked, Martha."



Martha turned her head away from them, afraid to ask why they were all looking so serious.

For so long Martha had devoted herself to her family who never seemed to have a moment to spare for her, but finally she rebelled and insisted on one day to be spent together.



"Good," Martha said. "Good." But to this day she didn't know an aphid from an iris, and how could you cure this strange lost feeling by talking to Father about something you didn't understand?

She looked at Jeddie, sitting on her left. His head was bowed over his bowl of cereal. His hair was smoothly combed, this second day of school holidays, and his hands looked clean. Jeddie was her oldest. He was almost fifteen, and bright for his age. He also had the sling-shot look.

"What are you up to today, Jeddie?" she asked him, trying to make it just right, not motherly and prying, only interested.

He somehow managed to chew in steady rhythm, yet answer her clearly.

"I'm going to get me a summer job. Mr. Clenimore said he could use me at the store."

"Well, good," Martha repeated. "Good." Of course it was. You brought them up to be independent and self-reliant, didn't you? All the books said you should, and even before the books that was the thing.

Kay said, pushing back the dark hair that was cut to resemble the careless locks of some current movie star, "May I be excused, Mother?" Everybody said what nice manners they had, and how pleasant it was to hear somebody called Mother instead of Mum, or Mom, or Mumsy.

What a lovely thirteen Kay is, Martha thought. How firm young flesh is and how clear young blue eyes. She sighed. All of Kay's activities were secret now, shared only by somebody named Doll, of whom Martha didn't particularly approve for any particular reason.

"You're going out?" she asked. "After you do the dishes?"

Kay's sigh was long, loud, and dramatic. "After I've slaved, when I'm really too tired to enjoy myself much, Doll and I are going swimming at the Dawsons' pool."

That's the last I'll see of her till evening, Martha thought, and the loneliness came welling up to choke against the back of her throat. As if he sensed it, Joe came from his place at the foot of the table to lean against her. Joe was seven and sturdy, and not very good-looking. But he was terribly affectionate, and he didn't, as yet, think it a disgrace to show it.

Martha put her arm around him, momentarily lifted in the joy of his broad little back and the warmth of his relaxed arm around her neck. She kissed his ear.

"Mother," he whispered, liking to keep things between them, his breath hot against her cheek, "you know that Johnny I play most with in school?"

She nodded.

"He wants me to go to his house this morning. Will you take me? Will you?"

Joe, too. Suddenly she couldn't stand the thought.

"I'd rather you stay home, Joe," she said, and watched tears crowd quickly into Joe's eyes. Then, before they could really spill, she changed her mind. "I'll take you," she promised. "It's all right." It was almost as if the tears sucked themselves back under his lids, they vanished so quickly.

Listening to Kay rattle dishes disconsolately in the kitchen, Martha thought as she pulled up sheets on the many beds, what does it matter? Certainly a child Joe's age is nobody to talk to. You could talk to any one of them all day, and never really say anything.

But it's like this all the time, she mourned, standing before the window, staring out over the wide lawn with the big trees. Gary had figured, and saved, and managed to buy this big old house, so that there would be room for all of us, and comfort. We have it, and what happens?

They can't wait to get out of it. Every morning the wild scramble to leave home. After school the Boy Scouts, the piano lessons, the swimming, the basketball, the football. Even Father, with his Old-Timers' Square Dances, his whist club, his church activities.

And Gary? There it was again. The loneliness felt sore this time and the house had echoes.

"It is not self-pity," she told herself firmly and loudly, not caring. "A man chases a girl, can't live without her, gets her, puts the sweet soft bars of home around her, and spends the rest of his life trying to keep from spending ten consecutive minutes in her company." It was just true, that's all.

The house gradually emptied itself. She took Joe over to see Johnny, and on the way home she decided to do something about the loneliness. She stopped at the store and bought some luxuries the budget usually didn't allow. She went home and put on fresh make-up, and fixed Gary's favorite salad for his lunch.

When Father came in and said he was going downtown to buy seeds and would pick up a hamburger, she knew a little tickle of excitement. She put on another plate for herself.

Gary swung into the drive at exactly ten minutes after twelve. He liked being able to come home to lunch. He stopped to pull a handful of weeds from the grass by the back door. Martha stood before the sink, watching him with the strange perspective that had come to her. He looked new and very dear, and there were a thousand things she wanted to talk to him about, to share.

"Hi, kid," he said, and kicked the door shut behind him. There was a dent in the bottom board of the door where he had done just that for half a dozen years.

She went over to him and put her arms around his neck. "Good noon, Mr. Kemble, dear," she murmured. She waited for his reaction.

He grinned a little. "What's good about it? Except the weather." He patted her cheek and was somehow gone, and sitting at the table before she could get her arms down to her sides again.

She pulled the salads from the refrigerator, poured the iced tea, and sat down across from Gary.

"Everybody's out," she said, trying again. Her husband dug into his lunch. "Usually are," he muttered. "Glad they're not in my hair today."

She put sympathy into her voice. "Did you have a hard morning, dear?"

It looked good to her, this picture she saw in her mind of a husband and wife quietly sharing a meal, and the troubles of the day.

"Same as always." He reached for some bread.

She stared past his head at the crisp curtains which framed it. She brought out her idea. "Gary, I was thinking. You know, we never seem to do anything—"

He looked up, startled. "Whaddymeane? Speak for yourself. There aren't enough hours in the day for me, kid."

"I mean as a family," she went on determinedly. "We all seem—to—well, have different interests. Everybody goes about his own business, if you see what I mean?"

"That's logical." Gary stood up, stretched, and Martha saw with surprise that his plate was empty while hers was still practically untouched. "Guess I'll get my forty winks," he added. He headed towards the stairs.

Martha sat still. The salad looked old, and wilted, and tired. If I don't talk to him now, she thought desperately, I'll never catch him. Tonight is the Kiwanis dinner, and there's never time in the morning. She got up decisively, and followed Gary's path to the shaded front bedroom.

He was stretched out on the bed, eyes closed, a little bubble of a snore already on his lips. He was always so tired. He'd trained himself to this precious twenty minutes at noon.

"Gary," she said loudly.

"Huh?"

"Let's have a picnic on Sunday." She kept it loud and firm. "Let's pack a great big lunch. I'm going to fix fried chicken. We'll go to the beach and have a fire later when it gets dark, and swim, and talk, and—all of us." Despite her best intentions, the firmness began to go, and the loudness. "I'm so lonesome for all of you," she ended, almost in a whisper, and it sounded—yes, it did—full of self-pity.

But it didn't matter. Because Gary's bubble of a snore had ballooned, and kept on ballooning, until Martha waited, sitting on the edge of the bed, for it to break, and wake him up. Which it did, in exactly the time he had allotted himself. Gary was proud of his stop-watch mind.

He swung up, straightened his tie, smoothed his collar, and put on his jacket. "Kiwanis dinner tonight," he announced, bending to kiss her cheek.

"What about the picnic?" she found herself asking—coolly this time.

"What picnic? When?" He looked alert, rested, and half-way to his office, a remarkable feat.

"We are going to have a picnic, an all-day picnic at the beach on Sunday," Martha said, as if it were already settled.

He got the full impact of that, all right. "You know I can't go picnicking," he stated. "I've got a foursome—"

Martha stood up. "Gary," she said quietly, "you are a married man with a family and responsibilities."

He grinned. "You think I don't know that?" "And one of those responsibilities is to share yourself with them. With me," she floundered.

"Nuts," he said lightly. "We've got a good life, kid. Busy, sure. Who isn't? But I work hard, six days a week, and I have a right—"

Martha found herself yelling. "I have a right, too," she cried. "To you—to the kids—to some companionship—"

Gary didn't like arguments. He swung on his heel and walked out. From the foot of the stairs he called, "So long, kid. Take a nap and you'll feel better."

There was no quarrelling with Gary.

The thing to do, Martha planned, was to corral them one at a time. Then if all the kids were set on it, Gary couldn't very well disappoint them. Could he? There was something about golf that made a man slightly

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Page 21

DELICIOUS—NUTRITIOUS—ECONOMICAL

HANSEN'S JUNKET DESSERTS

... make any meal a party!



STRAWBERRY PRINCESS

Make strawberry junket according to directions on the package and pour into individual dessert glasses. Set aside until firm and cool. When properly set, arrange strawberries and a spoonful of whipped cream on each dessert. Chill slightly before serving.

CHOCOLATE ROYAL

Heat a quart of milk until lukewarm; add ½ cup sugar and stir until dissolved. Melt 2 squares of chocolate in a ½ cup of warm milk and boil a moment; add to it carefully the remainder of the milk, a teaspoon of vanilla and the dissolved tablet; stir and turn at once into the dessert glasses; allow to set for 15 minutes. Top each dessert with whipped cream and a walnut or chopped nuts. Chill and serve.

Cool, refreshing Hansen's Junket desserts spark jaded appetites and provide the essential nourishment of pure, fresh milk in its most digestible form.

Hansen's Junket is made in minutes—easy to prepare and so economical.

Choose from either plain or luscious fruit flavours of strawberry, raspberry, pineapple, almond or cherry.

HANSEN'S JUNKET TABLETS

FRUIT FLAVOURED or PLAIN

Continuing

Be Kind To Mother Day

from page 21

added. It wasn't the first time she'd thought that.

"Jeddie," she said, feeding him cookies and chocolate milk after his day's labor for Mr. Glenimore, "we're going to have a great big wonderful family picnic Sunday. Fried chicken," she tempted, "and my largest fudge cake."

He licked his lips around cookie crumbs, then shook his head. "Gee, Mother," he protested, "the scoutmaster said if Sunday shows up nice he'll take us on an overnighter in the hills."

"And you couldn't miss that?" Martha spoke more sharply than she meant to. "Considering that the scouts take hikes practically every Sunday, you couldn't give up your foursome—I mean—"

She stopped. Jeddie looked guilty, but he also looked puzzled. As if the firm earth were swaying under him, Martha swallowed thickly. "I'm asking you a favor, Jed," she said in her no-further-discussion voice. "I want you to be with your family this Sunday."

Jeddie put the half-eaten cookie on his plate. "You're the boss," he mumbled. He got up and walked from the kitchen. Like father, like son, Martha thought, and it hurt all the way down her throat.

She tightened her lips and sallied forth to beard Kay, who strangely had come home early from the Dawsons'. You knocked on Kay's door these days. There was often a rustling and a scurrying or a long silence. Martha suspected a diary or perhaps a book not recommended for young girls.

In answer to Kay's condescending permission Martha walked in. You couldn't walk very far because Kay had every dress she owned scattered around the room.

"What's all this?" Martha asked, sidetracked.

Kay said, "I was going to ask your permission, Mother, honest. But I just thought I'd see what I had to wear first."

"First before what?" "Doll's older brother—his name's Dick—he has a friend visiting him—his name's Fred and he's sixteen almost—and perfectly divine, Mother—"

There was a long pause while Kay stared at the ceiling, rapture in the very lift of her chin, as if she saw Fred's picture painted there. "Doll's mother says we can have a cold supper in the backyard—take the record-player out there—they have swings—"

"When?" Martha asked feebly. But she knew the answer.

"Sunday," Kay said, making it sound like the day the pearly gates would open.

Martha took a deep breath. "Sunday we're all going to the beach, dear." She tried to make it sound like heaven. "The whole family. Won't that be fun?"

The cry was quick, loud, dedicated to tragedy. "Oh, Mother!" The tears in Kay's eyes were as quick as Joe's, as flashing and touching. Martha hardened herself.

"Kay," she said, "you'll have plenty of time for dates with older men. But right now, while we're all together, is the time to do things with your family. You'll grow up so fast and marry and go away and leave us . . ." It seemed so nearly accomplished that Martha felt tears in her own eyes.

Kay's mouth was sullen. "I think you're mean," she cried. "I think you're selfish and mean." She stormed out of the room.

Two things happened before dinner-time. Mrs. Jones, from the Sunday School, called and said in her breathless, hurried way, "Mrs. Kemble, I just don't know how it happened. But this morning I found the card I should have sent your Joe under the rug by my desk. The Primary Grade Sunday School picnic, it's about, and Joe's been talking about it for months—"

"When?" Martha asked, this time dead sure.

"Sunday," Mrs. Jones said. "Ten o'clock. Franklin Park. He's to bring a pound of hot dogs."

Martha felt her mouth tighten unnaturally. "Oh, I'm terribly sorry, Mrs. Jones," she said, "but Joe has other plans that he just simply cannot break. Family plans."

There was as long a silence as Mrs. Jones ever allowed. "I'm terribly sorry, too," she cried then. "Poor little Joe. He'll be utterly devastated. The three-legged races—peanut races—"

"I know, I know," Martha put in hurriedly, seeing it all. "I'm sorry." Well, he doesn't have to know, she thought defiantly as she hung up. But somehow he'd find out. One of the kids would tell him. Where would she be then, even if he enjoyed every minute at the beach?

Time will settle it, she told herself, getting dinner for all of them but Gary, making it an especially good one for a reason she wouldn't admit to herself. There was only Father to tackle now, and Martha was afraid that if he had an excuse

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



she would blow up and spatter the clean kitchen walls with little pieces of herself.

But Father was willing, more or less. "I did think I'd pick the back row of berries, and Josh Hilton and I had sort of a tentative arrangement about bowling on the green, and too much sun always makes me sick in my stomach now I don't swim any more, but I wouldn't want to be the one to spoil a party, Martha."

He beamed at her, the very tilt of his mouth proclaiming him a fine, generous-hearted man who put everybody's happiness ahead of his own.

Martha sighed and said, "Thank you, Father." She managed to filter the tartness out of the phrase somewhere between her mind and her lips . . .

They came and went the rest of the week. Martha sent them off and welcomed them home, and if they avoided her eyes and were extraordinarily polite she ignored it. She didn't have to ignore Gary. He was his own laconic, pleasant self, face

buried in the paper, peering into a little tin cup at the living-room rug, swinging a celluloid ball in the background. Getting himself in trim for his Sunday foursome, he was.

He had forgotten all about the picnic. He thought it was settled. The way it always been settled, Martha thought disconsolately. His way, he had a big surprise waiting. Martha Kemble was going to have a family picnic, no matter what. No matter what!

Saturday after dinner Gary went out to work in the yard. He made a serious thing of doing more in three hours before dark than most men did in a week of fuming. On the shelves of the kitchen were loaded with a satisfactory practical kind of beauty. The sight took some of the ache out of Martha's stomach and some of the pain out of her head.

It was a new pain that had come this week and that she had pretended wasn't there. She'd pretended a lot of things this week, and one more didn't make an overload.

When it was dark outside Gary came in, scraping his feet carefully on the mat. He sniffed. "Something smells pungent in here," he remarked. He went to the utility cupboard

and pulled out his chuba. He filled the kitchen sink with warm soapy water and got out Martha's potato brush and started to wipe off the cream.

"Big do?" he asked.

"Our picnic," Martha said quietly, above the suds. She startled hammering in her temples. "Our day at the beach," she added, and took a deep breath. That helped the pain. Sometimes.

The brush stopped its scraping. The kitchen took on a silence as it usually took on when

"Now, Martha," Gary said reasonably, "you know that I've been playing golf practically every Sunday for a long time. Except when it rains. The boys wait for me. It's all set up."

"I know," Martha said. She felt weak all over.

"Well," Gary said, and it was the most logical word in the world.

She didn't know how she could, but she felt them all up.

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Mrs. Click

A short short story

By DOROTHY
M. ROSE

THE small houses of the development were spread out like pieces of French pastry on a platter, their colors the gay pastels of frosting — greens, blues, shades of pink.

They were not proper houses in which to be so lonely you were frightened, Lil Tatum was thinking.

She stood inside the picture window of No. 12 Periwinkle Lane, identical to the others, and talked to herself, a habit she'd formed in the 18 months since Sam had died. "You'd think they'd stamped these places out with a cookie cutter," she said.

The thought wasn't original, of course. That sort of clever remark had come easily to Sam, and it had been his opinion when she had fallen in love with the houses a couple of years ago and suggested they sell their big place after their only son had married.

Like a fool she had done that very thing herself after Sam died. Any day now she would have to give it up, unless the agency found her a job, and that wasn't likely. The agency woman had raised her eyebrows over Lil's age being forty and her lack of qualifications.

On the pavement young Mrs. Thompson from the next block was chatting with two other girls.

That's all they were—girls, even if they were married and had a child or two apiece. She could go out and join them or ask them in for coffee. But she had tried all that. It wasn't any use. The young folks were polite, terribly polite, but she couldn't expect them to be chummy with her when they were young enough to be her daughters.

Tom was right. Lil turned and picked up her son's latest letter. "Why don't you admit you made a mistake to take that place on with Dad gone? You know you're lost alone. Myra's willing for you to live with us."

Lil sighed at the prospect. What Tom really meant was that his father had always made the decisions, even chosen their friends, and that she had lived in the shadows of his personality. She had no resources of her own without him. She'd have to admit it.

But not today, she thought. To put it out of her mind she turned to the window again. The girls had moved on now. Little Ginny Thompson was wading in the mud puddle, with her shoes on, too. Sam would have run for his camera at the sight. Photography had been his ardent hobby.

Years ago Tom had nicknamed his father "Mr. Click," and the title had stuck. It had seemed doubly appropriate, because Sam had clicked with people, too.

For something to do Lil went to the closet and took out Sam's camera.

She still had all his equipment and she had taken up the hobby in a desultory fashion herself, snapping pictures of the neighborhood children and developing them at night in the bathroom.

Of course, Sam had laughed at her efforts while he was alive and had never trusted her with his paraphernalia, but she had fetched and carried and watched him enough to learn all the intricacies.

She went out now and took several shots of little Ginny. When she developed them that evening, one seemed good to her. On an impulse she made an enlargement. And, because it seemed selfish to keep it, she took it over to Ginny's mother.

Mrs. Thompson seemed surprised. "Why, it's better than the one I had taken last week. There's been a man going around the neighborhood for that new studio."

Lil was pleased, but refused Mrs. Thompson's offer of payment. How amused Sam would have been to know anyone had offered her money for an amateurish picture.

The next day she sorted the snaps she had taken at the neighborhood playground during the summer. In the cases where the identity of the children was known to her she made enlargements. If Mrs. Thompson had been pleased, these other parents might be, too.

The next week was a surprise to Lil. People came to her door and asked how much she charged for portraits.

"I couldn't possibly charge you anything," she protested. "But if you want to pay for the materials—"

It was a way to fill in time. She

could allow herself until the end of the week to hear from the agency.

Late Friday afternoon, when she stopped to make herself a cup of tea, she realised that for the first time in ages she didn't feel scared and lonely. She had even met some women her own age and they had been friendly.

As she rinsed out her cup the doorbell rang.

The man at the door was middle-aged and pleasant-looking. Lil liked him on sight, although she noticed, woman-like, that the top button of his shirt needed needle and thread and that his face was rather thin. She thought automatically of the stewed chicken in her refrigerator. Eating alone was the worst part of the day.

Then she smiled at her own absent-mindedness. This man wasn't interested in food. He held a portfolio under his arm.

"Ned Johnson," he had said already, smilingly.

Lil looked at the card he'd handed her. It bore the name of the local photographer's shop, with Ned Johnson listed as proprietor. He was reeling off his sales talk, asking if there were children in the household, telling her about the special offer he was making.

Lil interrupted. "No," she said. "You see, my husband, while he was alive, made photography his hobby. I've done a little work myself for the neighbors."

Mr. Johnson pushed back his hat. The politeness slipped from his face. "So you're the one," he said. "Boy, you don't know how many times I've been turned down on account of you," he said accusingly. "What beats me is why you're doing it. Everybody tells me you don't charge a cent. Do you get a kick out of cutting into a professional's business?"

Lil was too taken aback to answer for a minute. The man was actually annoyed with her. Then, without knowing why, she became furious herself.

"Don't you talk to me that way," she said sharply. "I'll take all the pictures I want. And you know what—I bet they're better than yours."

She slammed the door in his face, a thing she had never done to anyone in her life. But inside again her anger spent itself quickly. She sat down at the kitchen table and let the tears come. She was nothing but a lonely, foolish woman, going through a lot of useless activity to keep up her courage.

What right did she have to en-

Lil was too taken aback to answer for a minute, but she could see the man appeared to be very annoyed with her.

croach on this man's way of making a living? Her son was right. The agency was never going to call. It was time she gave up and went to live with Tom and Myra.

After a while she went for her pen and paper, but the doorbell summoned again. She opened it uncertainly. Mr. Johnson stood on the step, smiling sheepishly. He made a gesture as though to ward off a blow.

"I had a nerve," he said. "I want to apologise. Anyway, I admire a woman with spunk. Say, where do you develop those pictures?"

"In the bathroom," Lil said defiantly.

He shook his head, his mouth twitching. "They're good, you know. You really have a knack with kids. How about working for me? Would you consider it?"

Lil stared at him unbelievably. No one had looked at her with that mixture of interest and respect for a long time.

"By the way, I don't even know your name," he added.

Lil muttered confusedly, "Mrs. Click," then caught herself. "I mean Lil Tatum." He was really very nice. "When—when could I start?" she said.

(Copyright)

The Linnet in the garden

IN the courtyard of the Golden Bear, Nanyinka was singing as she pegged out the kitchen cloths to dry. The pure, soft notes of her voice rounded to fill the whole well of the yard between the high, stone-faced walls, and the single, sickly plane-tree in the square of grass quivered with the reduplications of sound.

It was the only place where Nanyinka found it safe to sing. If she had ventured to lift up her voice in the corridors of the house or on the staircase, Madame Groh would have been out of the bureau in an instant, stretching out her long neck and hissing like an angry swan. Once she had stretched out her thick, mannish hand, too, and boxed Nanyinka's ears for her audacity.

But here in the dingy yard she could let the pent-up notes flow out of her lips and ring against the stone, eddying upwards magically large and strange; and no one who mattered would hear. Only the penurious and ineffective had rooms overlooking this narrow well. The old gentleman on the first floor was stone-deaf into the bargain. The shabby but refined lady on the second floor would close her window and draw the curtains to mark her disapproval of kitchen-maids who sang at their work, but she was too well aware of her low standing with Madame Groh, and the precarious hold she had upon her cheap lodging, to make any complaint.

But the young gentleman who had the wretched little back room on the third floor—ah, he was different! He would prick up his ears at the first rising notes, and run to flatten against the window-pane his rather long, rather inquisitive, incorrigibly optimistic nose, craning close to try to catch a glimpse of the singer, and remaining there still and quiet until she had gone back reluctantly into the dark cave of the kitchen. For he was the one person about the Golden Bear who recognised Nanyinka's singing as music, and took pleasure in listening to it.

Nanyinka was thinking about him as she stretched up her slender young arms in their muslin sleeves, and pushed down the pegs over the fold of the great linen tablecloth. Nowadays she thought about him a great deal. His name was Hugo Meyer, and he was a student at the instrumental school attached to the Opera, and sometimes he was even allowed to play in the orchestra when its numbers had to be augmented for some great occasion.

He was very young, only about nineteen—Nanyinka, at seventeen, did not consider herself very young any more, but that was different; she was a girl, and alone in the world, and had had to fend for herself for more than a year now. But Herr Meyer was a young man of education, and had been looked after tenderly by a mother, and perhaps sisters, whom he had left behind somewhere in the country when he came to make his way in the city. He was quite helpless about such matters as landladies, and money, and the laundering and mending of linen.

The first thing she had ever noticed about him had been the cobbled rent disfiguring the skirt of his good grey coat, and it had vexed her so much, and stirred in her so illogical a sense of pity and tenderness, that she had braved Madame Groh's wrath in order to creep up the back stairs to his room, one day when he was away at a rehearsal in his everyday blue, and abstract the coat from his meagre wardrobe. She had taken it to her pallet on the attic landing, and there strained her eyes far into the twilight in unpicking his scamped work, drawing threads from the turned-up part of the hem, and making a beautiful, flat, almost invisible darn which even his mother, she thought proudly, could not have bettered. The young gentleman might not even notice, but some day the mother would notice and wonder.

But he had noticed. On Sunday, when he had put on the coat to go to church, she had seen him come down the stairs, frowning down every few steps at the transfigured darn, and searching his mind for an explanation. And that was the first time he had ever spoken to her.

Suddenly at the foot of the stairs he had raised his head, and seen her shrinking back at once towards her stony retirement in the kitchen, her hands hidden under her coarse apron as though the sight of them might betray their part in the mystery which engrossed him; and he had halted and smiled, and turned back on an audacious impulse, as surprising to him as it was to her, to say directly:

"You are the one who sings in the garden!"

She knew by his startled eyes and sudden, fiery blush that he was by no means in the habit of pursuing the maids in his inn, and was at a loss how to continue, or, indeed, how to conclude, the encounter he had thus initiated. And she herself was seized by such a violent access of shyness that she could only stammer: "I hope, sir—I hope it don't offend you. I won't do it if it offends you!"—groping behind her for the knob of the door, and averting her eyes in confusion from his face.

"Oh, no!" he said quickly and eagerly. "I beg you, don't deprive me—" But she had darted with lowered head through the doorway, and left him standing there staring at the closed door.

Now why or how he should have proceeded with such unmasculine logic from her singing to her needlework she could not guess; but the next time he happened to encounter her crossing the flagged passage from the scullery with a pile of dishes, he had taken up the conversation from a new angle.

"Someone has done me a secret kindness—Look! Do you know who it could be?" And he spread out the mended skirt of his coat for a moment under her eyes.

"I can't tell, sir," she said, looking round in a panic in case the kitchen door should be open and the cook listening. "Indeed, sir, I can't. I work down here in the kitchen; you should ask the chambermaid."

He made a derisive face at this. "She is old and sour, and knows I have no money for extra services. No, this is the work of young, keen eyes and elegant small fingers, don't you think so? Perhaps I should express my thanks to Madame, and ask her to convey them to my benefactress?"

"Oh, no, don't do that!" begged Nanyinka, in self-betraying dismay, and caught herself back from further protest into indignation. "If you please, sir, you are hindering me in my work, and I shall be scolded on your account!"

All his boldness, which was considerable and unexpected in one usually so diffident, had left him at this, and he had cast down his eyes and begged her pardon like an abused child, and made off very meekly; yet the swing of his shoulders as he went had no very subdued look about it.

That was the episode which had driven her to her landing bed, and the square of cracked mirror she kept on the ledge of the wall there. She had looked into it earnestly, for the first time in her life seeking something more than cleanness and neatness in her own appearance. The pale, young, wondering face had looked back at her almost indulgently, with eyes colored like periwinkles in spring, and the mouth had smiled very faintly, the lips curling close, like two rose-leaves folded together. Under the limp muslin cap she had seen her own curls struggling loose, live coils of sunlight.

She was charmed by possibilities which had never before occurred to her. She put away the mirror, still smiling, and reached

a hand under her mattress to touch the flat wooden box where her treasure lay.

There had never been anyone in her life before to whom she could even have considered showing that secret and wonderful and fragile thing. Now she foresaw, distantly and half-reluctantly, a day when she might take it out of its hiding-place and lay it in Hugo Meyer's hands. She was not yet sure; but she had never so much as wondered until now.

"Green woods of homeland, my joy and my pleasure—" sang Nanyinka, for once not thinking of her lost homeland at all. She watched the foreshortened lozenge of the third-floor window, and waited for the bright, beech-brown crest to appear, and the wide forehead, and the hopeful, questing nose, and the gay, impudent, bashful eyes peering down for a glimpse of her.

He wore his hair short, in the new fashion, and it curled so lavishly on his neck and temples that sometimes she caught herself thinking how well it would have looked drawn back into a ribbon, like that powdered hair she remembered so well from another garden, a garden how different from this stone-walled pit behind the Salzburgergasse. But this time the eager head did not appear. It was her ears, not her eyes, which caught the evidence of his presence.

The note of a flute took up the air from her lips, whispered in unison with her for two lines of the song, and then took flight in an airy obligato all round her voice, dancing as rapidly and tenderly as the light that played through the leaves of the plane-tree. It was as though he had taken her hand. No, it moved her far more and confounded her far less than such a gesture would have done.

She was filled with a sweet and violent excitement, a passion of gratitude, to think that he could take up with such familiar kindness an air from her distant countryside. For he was not merely following her, he anticipated the cadences of the tune, embroidering with confident arabesques. He was playing something he knew. She thought of the talisman in the box under her mattress, and now she was sure. Some day he would be made the confidant in the central secret of her life, and some day he would hear another song.

She had pegged out the last linen from the bottom of the basket, and she dared not linger. She had hoped that he would appear at the window for a moment when the song ended, but he did not, and she had still to trim all the lamps, and clean the fish, and make dough for dumplings. She picked up the great basket, and crossed the cobbled yard to the arched doors of the entrance, and the flagged passage which led to the kitchen.

There was a wild flurry of footsteps rushing down the staircase, and the swirl of coat-skirts at the foot. Hugo appeared panting in the dark passage, the flute still in his hand. His eyes were wide and bright, his lips parted as much with exaltation, she thought, as breathlessness. He had quite gone out of his mind.

He cried aloud, without a suspicion of caution: "Miss Nanyinka, you must come to my room. There is someone there who would like to speak with you." And he took the basket out of her hands very firmly, and put it down against the wall, and stood back to let her go before him, in the most absolute confidence that she would obey at once. When she hung back, staring at him in consternation, he put out his hand and took hold of her wrist, and urged her with great excitement towards the stairs, and she was certain that he did not fully realise what he had done.

"But I must not—I have my work to do, I must not be seen above-stairs. What can anyone want with me? Herr Meyer, I beg you—I shall get into trouble—"

"The work must wait," he said, the words

tumbling out of him helter-skelter like the notes out of his flute. "You need not mind them, we shall see to that. They do not matter now. You will see! Only come, please come quickly!"

It was all quite mad, and, of course, would turn out fatally, but she was dazed into obedience by his conviction, and she went with him wherever he chose to drag her, her thin little wrist gripped hard in his excited fingers. He towed her headlong up the three flights of stairs and into his narrow and shabby little room. There was someone standing with his back to the window, so sharply outlined against the light that he was nothing but an outline, short, broad, hunched, with a head sunk into his shoulders, and a cloud of fine, long, straight grey hair that stirred with every motion of that head.

"The lady is here," said Hugo, his hand suddenly trembling upon her wrist, and his voice so deferential that she stared again, in quickening fright, at this being who could inspire such awe in him. "This, sir, is Nanyinka."

The figure in the window moved a little nearer, peering intently at the girl; and gradually through the mists of her fright and bewilderment she saw him more clearly. An old man, in a long, old-fashioned, snuff-stained coat, his hands knit behind his back, his foot tapping testily, the features of his face squat, intelligent, and irascible, his eyes, under down-drawn brows, large, lonely, and distantly, resignedly kind. He gazed at her for a long time and did not say a word.

In her uncertainty and apprehension she was dimly aware of Hugo's eager voice pouring into her ears explanations and encouragement of which she did not distinguish a single word. But the old man's foot tapped with increasing irritation, and this she heard very clearly.

"Sing, indeed!" said the stranger in a deep, abrupt, impatient voice, which might well have belonged to a much younger man. "You have not left the girl breath enough to speak, much less sing! Did I bid you drag her up the stairs at a run? Sit down now, and hold your tongue! She can very well speak up for herself, if you would let her."

Hugo subsided meekly upon his bed, and became instantly silent; but when she turned to cast one glance of dismayed sympathy in his direction she observed by the bright, expectant eyes and the confident smile that he was not at all abashed. He was watching the terrifying old man with eagerness, and appeared to be encouraged rather than mortified by his own summary dismissal into the background.

"And do you sit down, too, child," said the old man, and watched her unsmilingly as she seated herself very uneasily upon the extreme edge of a chair. "What is your name?"

"Anna Fiala, sir," she said in a whisper. "They call me Nanyinka."

"Speak up! Are you afraid of me? I do not bite. The worst I ever do is to rap the knuckles of young idiots who play sour notes." She heard Hugo chuckle, and marvelled that he should dare. "But none of your notes was sour, child, and you are entirely safe with me. Do you know who I am?"

She was not aware that she had heard Hugo utter a name or suggest an identity.

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As the sound of her young voice
rose fresh and clear, there
was one man who listened
in rapture . . . a short story

By **EDITH
PARGETER**



He sang and played the tune over and
over until she knew the words and music
and joined in with him.

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Worth Reporting

AUSTRALIAN-TRAINED occupational therapists can take their place in any country, knowing that their methods and training are equivalent to the best anywhere.

So says English occupational therapist Mrs. Cecile Dorward, who trained in Liverpool. She is now working here with the Far West Scheme and plans to go on later to Fiji and Canada.

In Sydney she is staying with a friend, May Forsyth, director of training at Sydney's Occupational Therapy Training Centre.

Miss Forsyth is busy making plans for the 1958 batch of students, who will begin the two-year-and-two-terms course soon. The course is comprehensive, and includes anatomy and physiology, plus pottery, carpentry, and silk-screen printing.

About 30 girls do the course in New South Wales each year, and, on graduation, are absorbed into occupational therapy departments of general hospitals, TB and mental hospitals, the Commonwealth Social Services Rehabilitation Centre, and spastic and crippled children's institutions.

An Australian therapist, Dulcie Goode, of Victoria, has been selected to represent Australia at the congress of the World Federation of Occupational Therapists in Copenhagen in August.

★ WHEN it rains, most people say (a) "It'll be wonderful for the garden"; or (b) moan that the weather has ruined their plans.

But other enterprising characters are taking a look at the raindrops themselves.

For instance, we were informed the other day that the typical raindrop is shaped like a fat mushroom, almost flat on the bottom and rounded on the top.

Smaller drops are just round balls.



SOME enterprising American has come up with a suggested motto for the U.S. transport system: "The public be jammed."

More memories of "smiling Duchess"

THE story in our January 22 issue by Melbourne journalist Gladys Hain—reminiscences of the Queen Mother's 1927 Australian tour—has evoked memories for other Australians.

"I remember how the Duchess of York wore feathers," says Mrs. Lance Lewis, of Glen Osmond, S.A.

Mrs. Lewis was one of a group of Adelaide women who supervised flower arrangements at Government House for the Royal visit.

"At one function," said Mrs. Lewis, "she had a feather boa, dyed to match her cherry-red gown, which also had feathers round the hemline."

"But the thing I most recall was that she radiated goodness."

Melbourne octogenarian Mr. Tom Cochrane was one of six "men about town" chosen to be the Duchess' partners at a Government House ball.

"She put me at ease at once with conversation which I remember included a wish to see a kangaroo," he said.

"She was disappointed when I told her I didn't have a kangaroo of my own."

Award to brilliant student

ONE of the most valuable awards in Australia has gone to a 26-year-old Western Australian, James Carpenter, of Cottesloe.

This is the 1958 Australian Services Canteens Trust Fund Scholarship, valued at £500 a year, for three years' post-graduate study in the United Kingdom.

The scholarship is open to students in all States whose parents were ex-Service men or women of the Australian Forces of World War II.

James Carpenter hopes to evolve new pasture fodder when he returns to Perth.

He will leave in July to begin research in pasture plant breeding at the Plant Breeding Station, Trumpington, Cambridge.

His father, the late A. J. Carpenter, headmaster of Albany High School, served as a squadron leader in the R.A.A.F. He died suddenly in France two years ago after he had contracted meningitis while touring Europe with his wife on his long-service tour.

James Carpenter, a Master of Science in Agriculture, will complete soon a thesis for a Philosophy Doctorate at the University of Western Australia.

Mr. Carpenter explains how the study of pasture breeding under English conditions could help in Western Australia.

"Annual pastures here are off every year. English pastures are perennial—the grasses are in the paddocks year round," he said.

"The biological system all plants is basically the same, so the method used in breeding may be quite similar."

Mr. Carpenter recently announced his engagement to Erica Lenz, librarian at the Institute of Agriculture, W.A. University, and they will marry on May 10 in St. George's College Chapel.

Science Facts — About space noises

ASTRONOMY is an ancient science, but radio-astronomy is almost brand new.

Radio noise from beyond the earth was first noticed in 1932 by an engineer studying radio-telephone interference. He found that peculiar noise or static came from the Milky Way.

Few scientists took any notice of his discovery, but World War II radar development encouraged further study of space noises and the invention of radio-telescopes to pick up the incoming waves, which are similar to light waves, only on a different wave-length.

The world's biggest radio-telescope, built recently near Manchester, England, is a steel saucer 250 feet across and 200 feet in the air. It cost nearly £1,000,000 sterling.

A similar telescope may soon be built in Australia at a cost of more than £500,000.

Radio waves come continuously from the sun, and this radiation is known as "thermal radiation."

The strength of these waves varies when solar gases are superheated near sunspots and when explosions, not yet properly

understood, occur in the sun's atmosphere.

The sun is the only star known to emit radio noise, but what are known as "radio-stars" do transmit noises.

Radio-stars are not stars, but vast clouds of hydrogen gas many million times larger than ordinary stars.

Some, like the Orion nebula, emit thermal radiation. Others, which contain magnetic fields and are extremely turbulent, create cosmic rays—those tiny particles of electricity which reach the earth at nearly the speed of light.

And it is these cosmic rays which create most of the radio noises recorded from space.

Radio noises are received from the moon and the planets, but some of the most curious noises of all come from Jupiter and may be due to tremendous "thunderstorms" in its atmosphere.

Noises from space intrigue our scientists and teach them much about the composition of the solar system and beyond. But Martian radio-astronomers must have a bewildering time interpreting the noises of Earth's atom and hydrogen bombs, volcanic eruptions, wars—and even cocktail parties.



How to select a family doctor

CHANCES ARE, THERE IS A DOCTOR in your community who is "just right" for you. Perhaps you know him already, and regard him as a trusted member of your family circle. Or perhaps you haven't found him yet—but intend to start looking someday.

Too many people wait until a crisis *compels* them to summon a doctor. They forget that the crisis might not have become a crisis at all if a physician had been consulted on a regular basis.

So, if you don't have a family doctor now, you should go ahead and select one. Visit several doctors, if you wish, before you make your choice—because mutual confidence is an important factor in this relationship.

ONCE YOU HAVE MADE YOUR SELECTION, don't hesitate to talk things out frankly with your doctor. In establishing a sound

family-physician relationship, mutual understanding is most important.

SEE YOUR DOCTOR REGULARLY. This doesn't mean, of course, that you should run to him with every little ache or pain. But when there are warning symptoms, by all means see your doctor. And should he at any time suggest a conference with another physician, or advise you to go to the hospital, you can be sure that such advice is based on his broad general knowledge of medicine plus his familiarity with your particular case.

Remember, your doctor is the best "preventive medicine" your family can have!

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AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hillman
For week beginning Feb.

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<p>ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 - APRIL 20</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in action.</p>	<p>★ Daydreaming, thoughts about what might have been, could slow you up. Distant interests appear more rosy than present occupations. Try to fight this.</p>	<p>★ Differences of opinion are not likely to be serious and they can be reconciled by talking them over with the members of the family. Accept the majority wish.</p>	<p>★ Your boy-friend is at his most ardent. If ever a man could sway the heart of a girl, he can. If you are married, there's a happy surprise in store for you.</p>	<p>★ Don't imagine that you are dispensable to your crowd. There is plenty of competition and you won't weep if you decide to hang off to new pastures.</p>
<p>TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in business and pleasure.</p>	<p>★ While associates seem co-operative, for a number of you there is a showdown in the making. It could enhance or diminish your prestige. Control your reaction.</p>	<p>★ Any delays you encounter will be trivial and cannot affect your plans. Should you have a clash with officialdom as a parent, persistence will be your best weapon.</p>	<p>★ In some cases through outside circumstances the way may be cleared for greater freedom and your beloved is likely to reach an important decision soon.</p>	<p>★ If you've been worried over attempted dictatorship of two persons you'll enjoy circumstances which will bring big impact on new pastures.</p>
<p>GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 - JUNE 21</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, grey. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday. Luck through careful planning.</p>	<p>★ Banish thoughts that may urge you to grow sarcastic or cynical. This would merely complicate any situation and render your position more difficult. Don't answer back.</p>	<p>★ Polka at home seem ready and willing to join in the pleasures you drum up. The household will be pleasantly swayed by the promise of light entertainment.</p>	<p>★ Try to associate yourself with your best beloved in some practical project; this will lead to tender feelings. If married to him, go with him on a business trip.</p>	<p>★ Holidaymakers enjoy new friends and new acquaintances. Others are being urged to join social ventures which will have big impact on new pastures.</p>
<p>CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 - JULY 22</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in will-power.</p>	<p>★ While lucky breaks are possible, they should not be counted on. Small losses add up and you need money to finance your hopes. Watch your material affairs.</p>	<p>★ Take no risks with love, domestic finances, health, or any other important issue. Play safe where accidents are possible, especially if children are concerned. Be careful.</p>	<p>★ Don't be jealous of the one-and-only friendships with his own sex. Friendships are necessary and rewarding for him. Widen your own outlook.</p>	<p>★ A new friend who has been into what has no real appeal for you. Don't wonder what would be difficult to carry out.</p>
<p>LEO The Lion JULY 23 - AUGUST 23</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, black. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in diplomacy.</p>	<p>★ This is a period in which to mend relations on the job. Be more prepared to grant favors than to request them. Avoid any break with useful people.</p>	<p>★ You know very well what you want and how to get it, but you must also consider the art of diplomacy. Study the family as the individuals they are.</p>	<p>★ Emphatically a week when only your best beloved in some practical project; this will lead to tender feelings. If married to him, go with him on a business trip.</p>	<p>★ The distinguishing factor will be found in the group that becomes an actor rather than a spectator and it's more so.</p>
<p>VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 24 - SEPTEMBER 23</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in acquiring a new skill.</p>	<p>★ You have it in your power to remedy the situation if you feel lonely. Much of this could be due to your own imagination, which magnifies trivial incidents.</p>	<p>★ Mental conflict will only hold you back. Even a poor decision is better than none and this is true when loved ones look to you to take the lead.</p>	<p>★ Better praise him yourself or someone else will. Have nothing to do with a boy-friend who wants to keep your romance a secret; this leads to trouble.</p>	<p>★ A romantic glow over your life will give it unexpected surroundings or people of the ordinary is in the right on your matter.</p>
<p>LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Luck in romance.</p>	<p>★ If you've been managing your affairs conservatively this could be the time to branch out, where expansion is justified. Gratify a wish or ambition.</p>	<p>★ Why tackle jobs which are not really urgent? Rest and relaxation contribute to your efficiency as a homemaker. The folks love to come home to a bright housewife.</p>	<p>★ Moonlight nights, gay social evenings can lead to astonishing flights of fancy. Don't take these literally, but merely as part of a glamorous occasion.</p>	<p>★ A new friend who has been into what has no real appeal for you. Don't wonder what would be difficult to carry out.</p>
<p>SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 23</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, mauve. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in your own neighborhood.</p>	<p>★ This is more a week for the enjoyment of what you already possess than the acquisition of new assets. Use ingenuity to find new ways to develop your assets.</p>	<p>★ While activity centres on home as a base of operations don't make a burden of domestic duties or an issue out of annoyances. Ignore irritating circumstances.</p>	<p>★ Separations, quarrels, misunderstandings of all kinds do not necessarily lead to a broken heart. Reconciliations may bring a new and enduring relationship.</p>	<p>★ Over-confidence in your subjects will lead some of you to success, but others to lament. Much will depend upon choice of companions.</p>
<p>SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 24 - DECEMBER 20</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in a paper to sign.</p>	<p>★ Keep striving for the economic advantages you hope to attain, but don't refuse to follow up leads furnished by others. A compromise solution can often work very well.</p>	<p>★ Avoid revealing anything of importance to busybodies about your domestic or private life. It could drift back in a greatly exaggerated form and cause embarrassment.</p>	<p>★ If his continuing education tends to change his tastes or pull you apart, if you are truly in love you must make an effort to keep up with him.</p>	<p>★ Consult others before making on elaborate schemes. They are the right to know if they share in their development. They may be busy with correspondence.</p>
<p>CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 - JANUARY 19</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, grey. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in a place of business.</p>	<p>★ Expand your interest in your job and the job will expand, too. You have a wonderful opportunity to increase your stature in any field that interests you.</p>	<p>★ Be painstaking when performing your daily duties so as not to suffer an upset such as a minor accident or remorse over having said or done the wrong thing.</p>	<p>★ Pushing your beloved to do what you wish is a dangerous pastime, for he is bound to resent it sooner or later. Show affection without any ulterior motive.</p>	<p>★ Don't attempt short-cuts. If you are acting in conjunction with others, postponing a job promised to do could lead to project. Be businesslike.</p>
<p>AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, brown. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in your emotional life.</p>	<p>★ Peace of mind is essential for concentration. Do not undertake any important task when you are tired. You are asked for your best; it is a high standard.</p>	<p>★ Take the lead, but not too obviously. The marriage partner must regard himself as head of the household, although you may be the power. Avoid money arguments.</p>	<p>★ If your beloved no longer has the same fascination for you as before, it may be because you have outgrown that relationship and have a new romance.</p>	<p>★ Keep looking ahead. If drift the year will be wasted, you realise it. Limit yourself to reasonable number of tests and cultivate them.</p>
<p>PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in a new possession.</p>	<p>★ Obtain the necessary information from authorities or friends before acting blindly on a hunch. This could save you a sum of money or tiresome complications.</p>	<p>★ Put your foot down firmly if friends, relatives, or neighbors are assuming undue influence in your home. They must be made to realise that you are capable.</p>	<p>★ A stranger may walk into your life and take possession of your thoughts. Either you or he may be shy and inarticulate. Allow time to straighten this out.</p>	<p>★ Favorable news may be expected to arrive at sound conclusions regarding your future plans. Friends as they are asked expect them to be perfect.</p>

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 12, 1954

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Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

● That old song "Don't Fence Me In" should be every young man's theme song, I think, for my mail makes it obvious that every girl from 13 on wants to get her boy and tie him down tight until she's ready to get rid of him.

HERE'S the first letter I opened.

"I am 15 years of age and have been going out with a boy of 18, whom I loved very much. However, I was told that, as he had another girl, it was only a pastime. On hearing this I stopped seeing him and started a friendship with a boy of my own age. Recently the other boy asked me to take him home. I refused because of what he had said. After I asked the boy about it, he denies ever saying this, and I am still in love with him, but do not want to hurt other boy's feelings, as I am very fond of him. What should I do?"
J.B., Vic.

At 15 you're far too young to be getting yourself het up carrying on about which you love or don't love. You should simply be going with both of them occasionally.

If you keep such friendships casual you won't be mixed with these situations, which obviously worry you, will you be at the mercy of friends who carry tales, true or false.

AM 18 and have been keeping company with a boy two years my senior for the last 18 months. I am ready to go away for several years, and I was wondering if it would be proper for boy-friend and I to exchange Friendship Rings. I spoke to my boy-friend about it, and he thinks it is a good idea. Of course, we like that the exchanging rings in no way ties us up, and it is purely a gesture of friendship. Do you think it is a good idea, and if you please give me details as to which hand and which finger these rings are worn on?"
A.M., Sydney.

I've never even heard of Friendship Ring and can't see you no help with the idea. But I think it is a very stupid idea. You're going away, and if you like this



A word from Debbie . . .

IF you're asked out to dinner, don't be disturbed by a row of unfamiliar silver. Watch your hostess and do as she does. The rule is, however, to use the silver in order from the outside working in.

Start to eat when your hostess does.

There are also several rules you should know about how to leave your silver.

● The soup spoon should be left in the plate; if the soup is served in a bowl standing on a plate, leave the spoon on the plate, not in the bowl.

● Dinner knives and forks should be placed neatly together across the plate with the ends of the handles pointing at you as you sit at the table. The tines of the forks should face upwards.

● The dessertspoon should be placed across the plate, but if the pudding is served in an individual bowl on a plate or in a tall glass on a plate, leave the spoon on the plate, not in the glass or bowl.

● Your coffee spoon should be left in the saucer, never in the cup.

boy you won't want a ring to remind you of him.

The exchange of rings would mean something to both of you, and you know perfectly well it would. Why don't you just keep in touch with him by mail?

"BECAUSE I was unknown in a town in which I recently spent a month, I took the attitude that as no one knew me and would never see me again I could have a good time and not care about my reputation. Now my mother wishes me to go back to this town and work there. Should I live up to the reputation I made last year—the 'bad girl'—or should I be my usual self, a plain teenager who likes pictures, parties, and dances?"
"Rene," Qld.

I'm afraid you're in for a hard time, and a dull one, while you convince people you are what you say you are—a plain teenager instead of a bad girl.

Bad-girl popularity is the easiest thing in the world to achieve, and the hardest to shake off, and it makes the

nice boys and girls you want to know exclude you from their parties and crowd.

You'll have to be your plain self for a long time before you convince people that this is the real you. But you'll find it's worth it.

"I HAVE been going out with a man for over two years now. For the past six months he has become very casual towards me; he has started to take me for granted. He is 23 and I am 20. This is worrying me, as I love him and I am no longer sure of his feelings towards me. What should I do?"
T.C., Sydney.

You know in your heart exactly what you should do. Girls—and men, too—always seem to have inner knowledge that tells them when a love affair is over.

If you feel it is over, tell him—the sooner you get over it the sooner you can have a new love. If you don't, just sit it out. Perhaps he's worried about something, or he might temporarily be sick of girls and want to go fishing.

DISC DIGEST

GORDON MACRAE'S recent LP, "Cowboy Lament," on T-834, should be really as popular in the city in the country. The songs are good ones, mostly authentic. MacRae is in fine voice, and Van Alexander's orchestra is right in character.

In a way, this disc could be a sort of sequel to "Oklahoma!" You can imagine Gordon MacRae as "Curly" singing these songs to "Laurie" when they are a comfortably led married couple. It is interesting to find that one of the songs (of Irish origin), "Green Grow The Lilacs," lent title many years ago to a tight play. When the play was taken down from the shelves, dusted off, and given

a musical score, it became the famous "Oklahoma!" Other genuine folk songs on Gordon's disc are "Cowboy's Lament" and "Red River Valley."

TIN PAN ALLEY of the '30s produced some great Western-style songs, but they were good because the men who wrote them had lived in the West and knew what they were talking about. Gordon has selected four of them—"The Last Round-up" (one of Crosby's first big hits), "Wagon Wheels," "San Antonio Rose," and "Tumbling Tumbleweeds."

A surprise inclusion is "How Green Was My Valley." This beautiful tune originated as a theme for the film

of the same name dealing with Welsh coal miners, but with the addition of new lyrics it has been transformed into a sentimental cowboy ballad. Newer, seldom-heard material is represented by "Soothe My Lonely Heart," "Oklahoma Hills," "I Went To The City," and "The Cowboy's Serenade."

Previously, my main objection to Western songs has been that they are nearly always sung with a horrible nasal whine, a series of tearful bleats for sympathy, but MacRae's baritone voice and strong delivery show that they can be raised to their proper level—a simple expression of the countryside and the men who roam it.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

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FATHER



"And if she weren't popular you'd be losing even MORE sleep."

MOTHER



"She said she didn't want to see us again as long as she lives... So we'd better keep out of her way till lunch-time."

It seems to me

AS this issue features autumn fashions it seems a suitable time to mention that at last I have summoned the courage to wear a sack which I have worn for some weeks.

At first I didn't so much care it as skulk about in it occasionally, carrying a belt on when in the street.

One morning last week I awoke very late and consequently in a dark grey humor. Attending with the clock, I drew on my sack, forgetting the belt, bolted into the street, and hailed a taxi.

The driver, with brown eyes and a cheerful expression, was of Italian extraction.

"Is that one of those sack dresses?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered cautiously.

"I thought so," he said, "and I said to myself, 'Now that looks very smart.'"

The morning cloud began to disperse fast. "You know," he went on, "I don't think at young girls—what I mean is" (tactfully) VERY young girls will be able to wear them well as—well, I mean, they suit sophisticated women better."

The clouds melted away entirely. I walked to the office wearing such a happy smile that colleague inquired, "Are you all right or have you gone round the bend?"

EDWARD LEAR, of limerick fame, made a forecast of the current fashions in his Book of Nonsense, first published in 1846. He wrote:

There was a young Person of Crete
Whose toilet was far from complete;
He dressed in a sack,
Pickle-speckled with black,
That omniferous person of Crete.

Incidentally, Lear's drawing of the Young Person of Crete tends to undermine confidence.

BRITISH-BORN painter Gerald Brockhurst, now an American citizen, reported to charge 5000 dollars (EA2230) for a head-and-shoulders portrait, and 1000 dollars extra for hands.

These charges show that artists need not lack a business sense.

Suppose Sir Portly Bigshot wants his portrait painted, the following scene may ensue:

Secretary: Sir Portly thinks your quote is excessive. He has one here from Picasso, who says he'll throw in the hands for free.

Artist: Did Picasso say where he was going to throw the hands?

Secretary: Quite. But Sir Portly suggests one, and you need show only one hand.

Artist: I suppose I could revise my estimate, if my prices are keen. Sir Portly is a big gentleman and blue serge paint is dear.

Secretary: Sir Portly noticed an ad. yesterday from a new firm offering attractive terms.

Artist: You'll find they always ring in their ears. "To erasing mole over left eyebrow, 2/2/-," and "To prettifying up at request of Sir, £17/17/-."

Secretary: Very well. I'll warn Sir Portly and ask him to reconsider.



Dorothy Drann

IT'S a pity about the "Doll." Main reason for the play's bad reception in New York was that most of the critics and audience couldn't understand what the actors were talking about.

Its earlier success in London suggests that there is a closer link between the English language and Australian than between Australian and American.

Possibly the English people, living close to Europe, are more accustomed to foreign tongues.

Australians, conditioned by 30 years of sound films to American accents from the Bronx to the South, find it difficult to realise that there isn't a reciprocal grasp of language.

The soldiers who were here in wartime learned fast, but there were plenty who didn't come here. The first time I met the American husband of a friend of mine he sat by in baffled silence for some minutes, then asked his wife to translate what I was saying.

His wife, having worked for the U.S. Army in wartime, had acquired an American accent and learned idioms such as "in back of" (for "at the back") and "stop by" (for "call in").

Later, after he had spent a holiday in this country, he began to join in conversations. "Takes a while to get your ear tuned," he explained.

DURING the war the American show-business magazine "Variety" carried a review of a Sydney production of the play "The Man Who Came To Dinner."

Because this was an American play most of the cast adopted semi-American accents. These evidently weren't authentic.

The "Variety" reviewer complained that the actors spoke too quickly.

"The Aussie accent," he wrote (as nearly as I can remember), "is hard enough to understand at any time and incomprehensible when delivered at machine-gun speed."

WEST German Chancellor Dr. Adenauer has asked Russian Prime Minister Bulganin to "stop writing so many letters" and return to old-fashioned secret diplomatic discussions.

Let 'em, oh, by all means, write,
Whether threatening or polite,
Whether to expound their views
Or with motives to confuse.

Let 'em, for that matter, talk,
I for one will never balk
At repeated platitudes,
At dishonest attitudes.

Let 'em have their Summit fests,
Leaders, both the East's and West's.
Let both sides each other bore—
Just don't start a shooting war.



Are you in the know?

When an argument gets hectic, should you

☐ Tape record it ☐ Break it up ☐ Take the loser's side

One man's politics (or football team or record collection) can often be another man's poison ivy! So before either arguer blows his stack, take over. Shatter the chatter—tactfully. Maybe with music, or a funny story; anything you and the other girls can think of to change the subject quickly and save the party from

unpleasantness. You can save yourself many an anxious moment at calendar time as well. For when you choose Kotex® sanitary napkins you're getting protection without fail. You're sure of the softness, safety, complete absorbency you need—to maintain your poise, your peace of mind.



To snare a sportsman, should you speak

☐ First ☐ His language ☐ With an accent

So you don't know a dribble from a drop kick, hey? Better start discovering the sports page if you want the hero to know what a bright conversationalist you are. Learn his language—football, cricket, swimming, tennis. See what an ice-breaker it can be.

And don't be a date breaker at "that" time. Kotex comfort and Kotex flat pressed ends see you through any situation, in even your slinkiest outfit.



What advice can safeguard your complexion?

☐ Shakespeare's ☐ Annie Laurie's ☐ Mother Machree's

Powder puff, lipsticks, washcloths, towels—keep them very personally yours. "Neither a borrower nor a lender be," wrote Will. And you'd best heed him if you'd dodge complexion woes. Likewise, why risk "accident" woes on certain days? Kotex can be worn either side—and either side gives the complete absorbency you need, due to that "safety centre" right in the middle. Kotex holds its shape can't chafe, is made to stay soft.



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Should you be thinking about introducing your daughter to Kotex—time ticks by you know—our two helpful booklets "You're a Young Lady Now"—(8-12) and "Very Personally Yours" (for older girls) are available from Kimberly Clark of Australia, Suite 105, 40 Miller St., North Sydney.

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KK354/7



ABOVE. The long living-room at Mrs. Stewart's flat at Double Bay, Sydney. Its soft colors form an appropriate background for the beautiful collection of blue Bristol, Venetian, and modern blue glass. On the table at the left of the sofa is a multi-colored Persian temple lamp mounted on an old Venetian base. Below: Another view of the room looking from the sunroom. Pictures by staff photographer Derek Brook.

MODERN FLAT IN OLD HOME

● Clever use of color and skill in combining modern and period pieces have made part of an old house at Double Bay, N.S.W., into a beautiful home for Mrs. Ken Stewart, who planned the whole change and did much of the work herself.

THE pleasant, large house, more than 40 years old, is set high overlooking Double Bay's main street, close to transport but above the noise of the heavy traffic. It has a beautiful view across housetops and a park to Sydney Harbor and beyond, looking north.

Mrs. Stewart herself, with patience, hard work, and some bright ideas brought back from a trip overseas, has turned one of the upper stories of the house into a self-contained flat comprising a gay sunroom, a long living-room, a dining-room, kitchen, bedroom, a pretty bathroom, and a guest-room-cum-sewing-room.

The story she used to make her flat was once occupied by bedrooms. Over the years a wall or two had been demolished, a bay-window put in, and other minor alterations to the structure had been made.

Throughout the flat the general scheme of furnishing is period style with a few more modern pieces in the sunroom.

At the front of the flat looking towards the harbor is the sunroom. A small room, it is kept cool but gay with color. The walls and venetian blinds are ice-blue, and the ceiling is striped in carnival colors of red, yellow, and blue. Mrs. Stewart said she had great difficulty in matching the blinds to the blue walls until she had a brainwave

and painted the wooden blinds, tapes and all, with the same paint she used on the walls.

Deep, comfortable chairs covered with furnishing corduroy in colors of turquoise and sapphire-blue, a yellow plastic leather lounge-chair, red-and-white curtains, and scatter-cushions complete the room. The curtains were designed and made by Mrs. Stewart.

The living-room, connected by glass doors to the sunroom, was planned as a restful room. In this room the walls and holland blinds are painted ice-blue.

Colors for the decorative scheme were selected very carefully. Soft pinks, plums, and blues were specially chosen as relaxing colors that would highlight Mrs. Stewart's lovely collection of blue glass.

Old pieces of blue Bristol, Venetian glass and a few modern pieces dominate the room from their places on occasional tables and the mantel.

A novel idea that comes from Europe is the floral ceiling. Mrs. Stewart was attracted by this idea when she saw it abroad, so she had her living-room ceiling covered with a strongly patterned wallpaper in a rose design. The same pattern is repeated over the windows, where the paper is backed with iron-on material and edged with fringe.

The scalloped pelmet was an improvisation. Mrs. Stewart said she was expecting guests





ABOVE. The gay and comfortable sun-room is decorated in cool but bright colors to give a carnival air. Right: The soft pastels in the bedroom combined with the white woodwork make the room look big and airy. The old-fashioned fire-grate, which could have been ugly, is unused, and has been made into a feature of the room.

one day and thought the windows looked a bit bare, so she made the paper pelmet before they arrived. The result has been so successful the pelmet has stayed.

The bedroom is in quiet contrast to the blues and pinks of the living areas. Here pale grey walls, soft yellow ceiling, and pretty furnishings make a feminine room that is a pleasant departure from the more conventional bedroom of pink frills and brocade.

White-painted furniture keeps the room light and is in harmony with the period atmosphere of the rest of the flat.

The old grate, so often a blot in an old house and the despair of the re-decorator, has been turned into an attractive feature with its pale tiles and a touch of white paint.

Mrs. Stewart made all the soft furnishings for the bedroom, from the quilted chintz bedspread with its pink, yellow, white, and green rose design, to the soft yellow curtains.

Unlike the living-room, which was decorated to set off its blue glass, the bedroom has no collection to dictate its colors. However, Mrs. Stewart has bought one or two pieces of green glass and hopes to find more to go with the present bedroom scheme.





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FOR NARROW SITE



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH of our Home Plan No. A625 built in brick with a tiled hip roof. The design is suitable also for timber or fibro. The attractive exterior is enhanced by flower-boxes built up from the patio and along the front porch.

Attractive, economical house to suit small family

● Our home plan this week is a simple, conventional, and economical design, specially suited to the very narrow allotment that often presents a problem to the home-builder in the suburbs.

THE house, including the driveway, will fit easily on to a 40ft. block of land, thus solving the problem of the very narrow site.

This signature plan, by Melbourne architect F. T. Humphrys, is a neat, compact, and very attractive two-bedroom home for a family. A full set of plans for the home costs £7/7/- and can be obtained at our Home Planning Centres. See addresses below.

Although the house covers an area of only 9.5 squares when built in brick, it has a practical layout.

Living-room and main bed-

room have a front outlook, the kitchen is spacious and contains a well-lit area for meals, the front entry is protected, and the laundry has easy access to the drying-area, as well as from the kitchen.

Full-length glass panels and double doors open on to the front patio to give a feeling of plenty of space in the living-room. Windows in the side wall add to the light, airy appearance.

From the sheltered porch, front entry is into a hallway which looks through to the living-room, but the swinging glass doors can close the living-room off from the remainder of the house.

From the kitchen, there is access to the bedrooms and the front entry without passing through the living room.

Approximate costs of building this home would be:

In New South Wales: Brick £4000, brick veneer £3525, timber £2925, fibro £2675.

In Victoria: Brick £3575, brick veneer £3250, timber £2575, fibro £2475.

In South Australia: Brick £2850, asbestos £2500.

In Queensland: Brick £4000, timber £2575, fibro £2500.

Our Home - Planning Centres, where this plan can be bought, have been established in conjunction with leading stores in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Brisbane. The Centres offer a comprehensive service to intending home-builders.

● All standard plans published in The Australian Women's Weekly are available at the Centres simultaneously with publication.

● Hundreds of other standard plans are available from stock.

All standard plans cost £7/7/- a set, complete with specifications.

● Plans will be prepared to any individual design at a fee of £1/1/- per square, based on total area.

Plans can also be ordered by mail from the Centres, enclosing fee. Addresses of the Centres are:

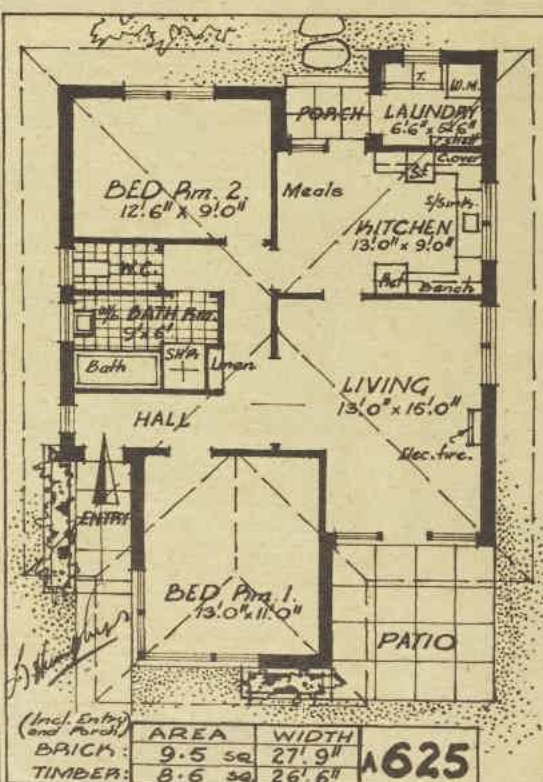
SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd. (Third Floor), Brickfield Hill.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium (Sixth Floor), Lonsdale St. Mail to Box 5038Y, G.P.O.

GEELONG: Our representative will be in attendance every Friday and Saturday at the Myer Emporium in Geelong to advise readers on home plans.

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd. (Second Floor), The Valley. Mail to Box 151, Broadway P.O.

ADELAIDE: John Martin and Co. Ltd. (Second Floor), Rundle St. Mail to Box 629E, G.P.O.



FLOOR PLAN shows the compact layout. Bedrooms are convenient to the bathroom and there is space for a built-in linen cupboard in the passage connecting these rooms.

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BAKED BEANS—SPAGHETTI with Cheese.

LOVELY CYMBIDIUM ORCHIDS

● Elegant and exquisite, orchids hold an undisputed lead as glamor blooms. One of the best-known and most popular species of these lovely flowers is the cymbidium. Below are some hints on re-potting them.



ESMERALDA JOYANCE (green), one of the most popular cymbidiums, is shown with *Pauloelsii* (a good floral type) at back. Both orchids are easy to grow.



MAGNIFICENT GROUPING of Westonbirt and floral cymbidium types provides contrast in color and substance. Some of these orchids are exported overseas.



PERFECT BLOOMS of unblemished beauty and waxy substance gained the grand championship award for Cooksbridge Elvina at the Sydney Orchid Festival.

How to break up and re-pot them



CYMBIDIUM PLANT showing exposed roots that indicate the need for immediate breaking-up and re-potting. This should be done before the flowering spikes have appeared.



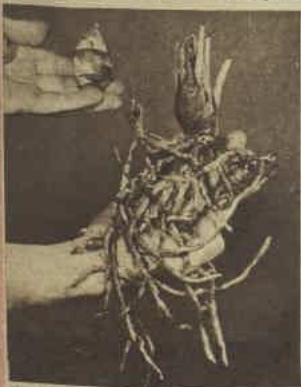
BALL OF ROOTS in the cymbidium in front indicates that the breaking-up and re-potting of this plant in fresh compost is long overdue. The dendrobium at the back also needs re-potting. The plants should be knocked out of their pots and broken up. New growths have already appeared on most orchids, so care should be taken when dividing them up for re-potting.



UNTANGLE roots if possible, then break the plant carefully into several parts, each with a green growth or new shoot showing on the old growth being divided.



TWO NEW PLANTS from an old one. Both plants show new shoots. Plant at right has two green bulbs. Plants with new shoots should be handled gently.



BACK BULBS after removal. Small bulb, peeled and with roots removed, is ready to pot in sand or sphagnum moss.



POTTING-BENCH showing materials to use for re-potting cymbidiums and dendrobiums. They include old cow manure, tan bark, leaf-mould, sphagnum moss, charcoal, crocks for drainage, osmunda fibre (for dendrobiums). The tools shown in front include fern-trowel, potting-stick, knife, and filling-trowel. As the plants need good drainage, a liberal supply of broken crocks should be added to the compost.



POTS FOR ORCHIDS. Above are shown a range of pots suitable for orchid-growing. The largest one on left is 12-inch, next are 9-inch, 6-inch, 3½-inch, and thimbles (2-inch). These thimbles are used for seedlings and small back bulbs, and the bigger pots for established plants. Cymbidiums can be grown in the open, but the plants should be protected from direct sunlight. Their flowers are long-lasting.



DON'T USE DIRTY POTS. This pot might carry over virus disease from the old roots and infect a clean plant that has been divided and put in it.

AJAX new

miracle cleanser with exclusive

"foaming action"

cleans twice as easy, twice as fast!

No other cleanser cuts grease so fast!



Greasy pans come shining clean with half the rubbing! Miracle "foaming action" dissolves grease fast, floats it away down the drain. And AJAX leaves no scum!

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AJAX actually polishes as it cleans—makes pots, sinks, cookers, everything, shine brighter than ever. AJAX floats away every trace of grease and dirt—in half the time!

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Use AJAX on a portion of any grimy, greasy, porcelain or enamel surface. Use any other cleanser on another portion—if you don't find AJAX better, return the partly empty can to Colgate-Palmolive, Sydney, and your money will be refunded.

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- ★ AJAX sells more in America and Australia than all other brands combined.
- ★ AJAX is gentle to lovely hands.
- ★ AJAX smells good, too.



Continuing

Be Kind To Mother Day

from page 22

just out of range of the door and her sight, well within hearing, waiting to see if they were really going to be forced to spend a day with her. All except Joe, who had gone to sleep in innocence, thinking a picnic was just dandy, but unaware of the Sunday School one. She could feel them all, and they were all against her.

She was alone, and if she ever walked out on them it would not be for lack of love but for lack of somebody to talk to, to understand. Why, she thought frantically, if a strange man sat down beside me in a bus and started to talk, warm and friendly, about the weather, even, I'd probably get right up with him and follow him to the ends of the earth.

She didn't know she was going to, but suddenly she began to cry. Just tears at first, then noise added to it. It got worse and the pain climbed and climbed in her head until it was everywhere, all through her mind and her body.

The last thing she remembered doing was turning off the stove so that the chicken wouldn't burn. The last thing she remembered hearing was the clank of Gary's club as it fell to the floor and the sound of his voice calling her name.

It was an early-morning sun that awakened her. You can't get a man up and feed him at six o'clock every morning without knowing the texture of the rising sun. She lay for a moment staring at it, wondering if the alarm had gone off. Then she thought, Sunday morning. She started to sit up. It hurt. It hurt her head and her arms felt as if they had water in them. She dropped back on the pillow. She rolled her head slowly toward Gary's bed.

It was empty. Tossed, as he always tossed it, and empty. So he had got up at the crack of dawn, had he? He was standing on the first tee, now, wiggling his wrists and hands the way he always did before he hit the ball . . .

Suddenly it came back to her, the tears and the pain and Gary carrying her in here. After a while Dr. Mellon and a shot in the arm and sudden sleep. Why, I'm sick, she thought. I'm sick and Gary is off playing golf . . .

She closed her eyes. She opened them at the thin rattle of china. Gary approached her, intent and careful, with a cup of coffee, full to overflowing, in his hands. He looked tired, as if he hadn't slept, and the cup shook a little, which would never help his drive.

"Martha," he said softly. "Martha." He put the cup down and sat beside her. She was quickly engulfed in his arms. It felt very good, but his grip was so intense that it embarrassed her a little. She loosened it gently.

"What's the matter with me?" she asked him. "Why aren't you playing golf?" It frightened her. It must be very serious or Gary would be off. There must be something terribly wrong with her.

"Poor Martha," Gary crooned. "Poor darling. All that chicken and cake and all she wants is to be with her folks and have a little fun together once in a while. And what does she get?" He looked as if he might burst into tears any minute. Which was a shocking thought. Martha stopped it as quickly as she could.

"Am I dying?" she asked sharply.

He drew back and stared at her. "God forbid!" he said solemnly.

"Then what's the matter? What are you going on like this for?"

"We had such a scare," he

began. "Darling," he went on, "I give you my sober word of honor I'll never neglect you again. Nor the kids. Why, what is there in the world if you're not with us? Nothing. Nothing."

He sounds, Martha thought impersonally, a little like Kay when she's in one of her renouncing moods.

Joe called, "Mother, I'm ready to get up." He always stayed in bed, waiting for her kiss and her story.

Gary was on his feet like a shot. "Your mother," he called from the doorway, "isn't well this morning, young man. You take care of yourself."

"Oh, Gary," Martha protested weakly.

Then the doorway was filled with them. Kay, her blue eyes round and worried; Jeddie, his hair standing on end and his expression solemn to match his father's; Joe, peeking around Kay's robe, his homely little face all fear; and Father, looking suddenly his full age and muttering, "Martha, Martha."

Kay broke the tableau. She raced to her mother's bed, arms outstretched, sobs tearing at her. She dropped down and put her head on Martha's shoulder. "You're not mean," she cried. "You're not selfish. You're the most wonderful mother in the world and all the rest of my life I'm going to do exactly as you say. We'll have your picnic, Mother. We'll take care of you and get you well and we'll have . . ." The rest of it was lost in heavy sobs.

Jeddie said, "You'll get her excited. She's not supposed to get excited." He came across the room and pulled Kay up by the shoulders. But gently; not with his usual roughhouse.

Joe took their place and said, "What's wrong, Mother?"

Over his head she looked at Gary, and he had tears in his eyes.

She swallowed. "All right," she said, trying to make it facetious, "how long have I got?"

"Forever, I hope," Gary said quietly. "It's hypertension of some kind. Emotional. Overwork. Over-worry. But you take it easy a week or so, you'll be fine."

She took a deep, relieved breath and it didn't hurt this time. She wasn't going to have to leave them, then. She closed her eyes to hold the sight of her family, and fell asleep almost instantly.

Through her sleep she could hear their ministrations to the house. The swish of the broom, the suddenly hushed argument between Kay and Jeddie, the water run for the dishes. When she woke she felt stronger and could sit up.

They were once again upon her. Gary brought her breakfast. Father brought her flowers. Kay rustled through drawers finding her bedjacket, unused since Joe's birth. Jeddie came in and out, asking always the same question, "Anything you want, Mother?" And Joe sat on the foot of the bed, trying without success not to wiggle.

Gary pulled a chair close beside her and held her hand. He looked at her lovingly. They all did. There seemed to be a great many of them in the room, all at once like that. They cluttered around her and made conversation. After a while they'd used all the words. They sat. The ticking of the old alarm clock was loud in the quiet. Marking off the day. Sunday.

She felt something start to bounce around in her chest. It had nothing to do with pain and tension. It was a ticklish

thing. If she wasn't careful it would come out through her lips, first in a smile and then in a good loud laugh. She felt them all there, even when she closed her eyes, as she had last night, but sort of in reverse. Too close. Too tender. Too concerned.

She sat up straight. "Father," she said crisply, "what time did you plan to bowl with Mr. Hilton?"

He looked startled. "Why, round about three this afternoon," he admitted. "Why?"

Martha nodded. "That's fine, then," she said. "If Gary goes right now he can get in eighteen holes before three and be home, if I'm not to be alone, before you go."

She didn't have to look to know that Gary was startled, too. His gasp was enough. "I wouldn't consider—"

She put up a queenly hand. "Now, Jeddie," she said, "if you call your scoutmaster and tell him to hold up for ten minutes, you can make it, can't you?"

Jeddie's eyes flicked from her to his father. "I could, I suppose," he said. "But Dad said—"

"I'm the boss today, Jed," Martha announced in that special tone. "Joe," she went on, "you let Kay wash you good and put on your best dungarees and the yellow shirt, and Daddy will drop you off at Franklin Park on his way to the golf course."

Joe's eyes were asking. "Sunday School picnic, honey."

Joe's eyes were stars. Kay said, "But I won't leave you, Mother. I'll take care of everything. Would you like some lemonade? Maybe a little sandwich?"

Martha tightened the traitorous corners of her mouth. She shook her head. "That blue dress," she said thoughtfully; "that would make the biggest impression on an older man, don't you think?" Oh, those pearly gates, she thought. You could almost see them open.

It took a while, a great deal of confusion, considerable noise, and a certain amount of repetition against their arguments. But at last they were all gone, even Father to the garden.

Martha lay back, savoring Gary's real reluctance to go, his sincere and rare statement, "I love you, darling." She lay back, comfortable and weak and contented. After a while she felt the house around her. It was quiet at last. It was familiar. It was serene, a place to be in and her domain. She loved being alone in it.

It was good — go on, admit it — it was good to have them all off, the way they usually were, making their own places in their own worlds of interest, safe and happy and busy.

As for her, she reached over to the bedside table and opened the bottom drawer. There was the stole with the fancy stitch she was knitting, and there was the new book which had just come in at the library and which they had saved especially for Martha Kemble.

As for her family, they would all come back to her. How can you be lonely, being the hub, knowing that the spokes, no matter how far they stretch, nor how fast they turn, are all securely attached to the centre?

(Copyright)



Cake wins £5 prize

• This week our cookery prizes are awarded to recipes for sugar-'n-spice cake, American jellied cucumber, and South Sea island grill.

SUGAR-'N-SPICE cake, which won the £5 prize, is quite simple to prepare and economical to make. It can be served for morning or afternoon tea as a cake, or topped and served with cream for dessert.

The recipes for jellied cucumber salad and fruit-topped lamb chops each win a consolation prize of £1.

All spoon measurements are level.

SUGAR-'N-SPICE CAKE

Syrup: Quarter cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon cinnamon, 3 dessertspoons water.

Cake mixture: One-third cup butter or substitute, 1

cup sugar, 2-3rd cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 egg-whites, 1½ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Place all syrup ingredients in saucepan and stir over low heat until sugar is dissolved. Bring to boil; remove immediately from heat. Set aside to cool while preparing cake. Cream butter with sugar, add vanilla and milk alternately with sifted flour and salt, mix well. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Fill mixture into greased lamington or slab-tin. Trickle prepared cinnamon syrup over, cut through batter with blade of knife to produce a marbled effect. Bake in a moderate oven 35

to 40 minutes. Turn out, cool on cake cooler.

If serving as a dessert, cut into squares and top with whipped cream sweetened with sugar and flavored with vanilla and cinnamon.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. C. Boorman, 33 Hawthorne St., New Farm, Brisbane.

SOUTH SEA ISLAND GRILL

Six lamb chump chops (cut ½ in. thick), 2 or 3 tinned or home-cooked peaches, 2 table-spoons crushed pineapple, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon brown sugar, 1 tablespoon melted butter.

Trim chops and remove skins; grill until cooked. Meanwhile, chop peaches finely, mix with pineapple, breadcrumbs, sugar, and butter. Divide into six portions, press one portion on to each chop, covering surface as much as possible. Arrange in greased baking dish and bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes. Serve hot with vegetables.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss S. Connell, Kader St., Bargo, N.S.W.

AMERICAN JELLIED CUCUMBER

Two apple cucumbers, 1 onion, 1 packet lime jelly, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 1 teaspoon finely chopped mint, 1 dessertspoon white vinegar, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper.



SUGAR-'N-SPICE CAKE makes a delicious dessert cut into squares and served with a bowl of whipped cream flavored with cinnamon.

Prepare jelly in usual way, allow to cool. Grate onion and peeled cucumber on coarse grater, place in basin with mint, vinegar, salt, pepper, jelly, and gelatine dissolved in ½ cup of liquid jelly. When thickening slightly, pour into wetted individual moulds or 1 large mould and chill in refrigerator until set. Unmould on to serving platter, garnish with crisp salad.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. D. Vallentine, 601 Jacob St., Bankstown, N.S.W.

FAMILY DISH

A SAVORY combination of minced steak, tomatoes, and bacon makes a tasty family dish this week. It costs approximately 5/3 and serves four or five.

SAVORY STEAK AND TOMATO BAKE

One pound coarsely minced steak, 1 onion, 1 carrot, salt, pepper, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, ½ to 1 cup water, 1 dessertspoon each flour and gravy powder, 2 tomatoes, 2 rashers bacon, chopped parsley.

Place steak, chopped onion, sliced carrot, salt, pepper, Worcestershire sauce, and water in saucepan. Cover and simmer 45 minutes or pressure-cook 15 to 20 minutes. Stir in flour and gravy powder blended with little extra water. Simmer 3 or 4 minutes. Fill into ovenware dish, cover with sliced tomato, then chopped bacon (rind removed), bake in hot oven until bacon is crisp. Top with chopped parsley.

Pre-natal exercise

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

EXERCISE is one of the essentials of a healthy pregnancy and a normal confinement.

All forms of exercise need to be done with care and good judgment, because, if carried out to the point of fatigue, it can be injurious.

Housework is not always adequate exercise, because many women do not use their bodies correctly when doing this work.

Plenty of outdoor exercise is needed. Walking and swimming are both excellent.

Exercises to teach correct control of breathing and to tone up pelvic and abdominal muscles are given in my parentcraft book, "You and Your Baby," which can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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* Attractive fringed, lacy stole



* Classic jumper with magyar sleeve for boy or girl

*Registered Trade Mark

- Man's sleeveless pull-over in rib pattern (at right)
- "Jack Frost" cap for toddlers, school girls and teens
- Lady's classic cardigan in 4-ply
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 with ...



Little folk, teen folk, of-age folk, all
 relish cool and colourful jellies with
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RASPBERRY, STRAWBERRY, LOGANBERRY,
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 CURRANT, PEACH, BLACKBERRY, PORT
 WINE, LEMON, LIME, ORANGE, MANDARIN,
 GRAPEFRUIT, APRICOT, PINEAPPLE, FRUIT
 SALAD, VANILLA.



easy to make

JELLIES

NEW RECIPES to keep in YOUR FILE

● On this page and overleaf are eight assorted, delicious recipes to add to your kitchen index file; they are all kitchen-tested and will make a welcome addition to the housewife's list of summer dishes. These recipes are printed back-to-back, with the illustrations on one page and the ingredients opposite on the other. Cut the recipes along the dotted lines and each one is complete. All spoon measurements in the recipes are level.



TWO-LAYER
PIE

CHOCOLATE MARBLE CAKE

Three egg-whites, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups sugar, 2 cups plain flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 cup milk, 1oz. melted chocolate, 4oz. soft chocolate icing.

Beat egg-whites until foamy, add sugar gradually, beating well between each addition. Blend together the sifted dry ingredients and milk (less 2 tablespoons). Lightly fold in egg-white mixture, and divide into two basins. Leave one white, and add to the other the melted chocolate which has been blended with remaining milk. Turn into greased and floured loaf-tin in alternate chocolate-and-white tablespoonfuls. With knife cut carefully through batter to give a marble effect. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. When cool, top with soft chocolate icing.

To make the icing, beat 1oz. cocoa and 3oz. icing sugar into 1oz. softened butter, adding a little milk or sherry if mixture seems too dry.

PEANUT-BUTTER BISCUITS

Fruities: 2 cups chopped mixed dried fruits, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sweetened condensed milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup peanut butter, 1 cup chopped walnuts.

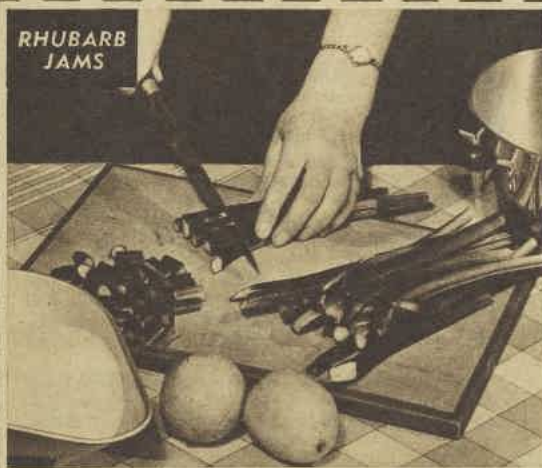
Combine fruits with condensed milk. Add peanut butter and mix thoroughly. Stir in walnuts. Drop by teaspoons 1½ in. apart on greased baking-tray. Bake in slow oven about 10 minutes. Remove from tray immediately.

Macaroons: Two egg-whites, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup peanut butter.

Beat egg-whites with salt until stiff; add sugar gradually, beating until stiff peaks form. Fold in softened peanut butter. Drop by rounded teaspoons 1 in. apart on greased biscuit-trays. Bake in slow oven 20 minutes or until lightly browned. Cool slightly before removing from trays.

Store biscuits in airtight jars or tins.

RHUBARB JAMS



ICE-CREAM SAUCES

Butterscotch Sauce: Place 1 cup brown sugar, 1oz. butter, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk in a saucepan. Flavor to taste with vanilla, then heat and boil for 7 minutes.

Chocolate Sauce: Combine 4 tablespoons drinking chocolate with 2 tablespoons cold water, blend together until smooth. This consistency makes a sauce which is thick enough to hold in position when poured over ice-cream.

Peanut Sauce: Blend together $\frac{1}{2}$ cup caramel sauce and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup peanut butter. Thin to pouring consistency with hot water, and use immediately.

Fruited Vanilla Sauce: Prepare 1 package vanilla dessert as directed, increasing milk by half to make a thin sauce. Fold in drained fruit from 1 small tin of fruit cocktail, or 1 cup salad prepared from fresh fruit. This sauce will keep approximately one week if stored in the refrigerator.

CHILLED CONSOMME



COCHON D'OR

Two pounds sausage meat (or skinned pork sausages), 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato puree, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped onion, 1 clove garlic (crushed), 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, 3 cups seasoned mashed potatoes, 1 egg, tomato slices, parsley.

Place sausage meat in a large basin and work in onion, garlic, tomato puree, and all flavoring ingredients. Press into a greased ovenproof dish, and prick all over with a fork. Spread mashed potatoes roughly over top, and brush with egg which has been lightly beaten. Bake in a moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes. Serve piping-hot, garnished with tomato slices and parsley, to 4 or 5 persons.

Vary this recipe by using minced veal or steak for the meat, and adding chopped carrots, celery, beans, or peas as desired. This dish lends itself well to advance preparation. Dot with butter before reheating.

SEAFOOD PIE



Snap OUT OF SUMMER SAG with ICED MILO

It's no fun being a teenager unless you're vital and alive! If your teenage youngsters seem to have lost their snap, it may be that summer's fun and activity are taking too great a toll of their energy.

Try serving delicious frosty Iced Milo—the summer health drink with the wonderful smooth chocolatey flavour teenagers love. The essential minerals . . . the health-giving properties of calcium-rich milk and malted cereals . . . the fortifying Vitamins A, B, and D, that are all found in Milo, will rapidly restore your youngsters to radiant well-being.

SO SIMPLE TO PREPARE!

Just add two teaspoons of Milo to a little warm milk, stir, and fill the glass with cold milk. For extra-delicious, extra-frosty Iced Milo add a scoop of Ideal ice cream just before serving. Incidentally, Milo is wonderful sprinkled on top of Ideal one-whip ice cream.



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MORE DISHES to add to your HANDY FILE

CHOCOLATE
MARBLE CAKE



RHUBARB
JAMS

Rhubarb Ginger Jam: Allow 1lb. sugar to 1lb. of fruit. Cut rhubarb (never scrape) into pieces 1in. long, place in bowl, cover with sugar. Allow to stand overnight with 1oz. of green ginger grated to 2lb. of rhubarb. Next morning put into greased large saucepan, add the juice of 2 lemons, bring to the boil. Boil quickly until it sets. Bottle and seal as desired.

Rhubarb and Almond Jam: Place 4 cups sliced rhubarb with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water in a large saucepan. Boil slowly $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, add 4 cups sugar, the grated rind and juice of 1 lemon and 2 oranges. Bring to the boil. Boil 30 minutes. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup blanched almonds (minced). Boil 5 minutes longer. When cold, pour into jars and seal.

Mock strawberry jam can be made by adding 1 cup crushed strawberries to either of the above recipes. Passionfruit pulp also gives a delicious and unusual flavor.

ICE-CREAM
SAUCES



SEAFOOD
PIE

Eight ounces shortcrust pastry, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. smoked or fresh fish, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mushrooms (optional), $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. prawns, 1 pint medium thickness white sauce, salt and pepper to taste, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 dessertspoons shortening, parsley.

Line a fairly deep pie dish with rolled pastry, prick well, pinch edge. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes or until golden brown. Steam or simmer fish in usual way. Break into bite-sized pieces. Peel and chop mushrooms, fry gently in 1 dessertspoon of the shortening. Shell prawns, reserving six for garnishing, chop. Add fish, mushrooms, prawns, and lemon juice to sauce, add seasoning to taste. Fill into pastry-case. Dot with remaining shortening. Return to moderate oven 15 minutes. Garnish with prawns and parsley, serve piping hot. Serves 6.

Use 2oz. butter and flour to 1 pint milk for sauce.

Below are four more tested recipes to add to your kitchen index of tasty, not-too-expensive family dishes. These recipes are suitable for summer and also for later on in the year. Readers who do not already own a file can still order a ready-made one, which measures approximately 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., from any of our branch offices. See addresses on top of page 2. (Tasmanian readers should write to our Sydney office.) The price is 10/-, postage 2/- extra.

TWO-LAYER
PIE

One 9in. baked pastry-case made from biscuit pastry or sweet shortcrust, 2-3rd cup evaporated milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 4oz. packages cream cheese, 2 dessertspoons gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 1oz. dark chocolate (melted), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream, whipped, 1 teaspoon rum or few drops rum essence, chocolate curls to decorate.

Place evaporated milk, sugar, and cream cheese in the top of a double-boiler. Heat, stirring until smooth and well blended. Add gelatine softened in the water. Divide into 2 equal parts. To one part add melted chocolate, the $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, and salt. Pour into the pastry-case. Place in refrigerator until set. To the remaining cream-cheese mixture fold in cream and rum. Pour over the chocolate filling. Sprinkle top with chocolate curls. Chill until firm. Sufficient for 8 servings when cut into wedges.

PEANUT-BUTTER
BISCUITS



CHILLED
CONSOMME

One and a half pints chicken stock (liquid in which chicken has boiled or steamed), wing-tips, giblets, neck of chicken, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt, 3 stalks chopped celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ onion, 1 bouillon cube, 3 dessertspoons gelatine, 3 tablespoons cold water.

Place chicken pieces in saucepan with stock, salt, celery, and chopped onion. Simmer 2 to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Strain carefully, and add to the liquid the bouillon cube and gelatine softened in cold water. Stir until both are dissolved. Allow to become cold, then chill in the refrigerator until set. Chop with 2 knives, and serve in small dishes, top with a sprig of mint, chopped chives or a dot of whipped cream.

Similar types of jellied consommé can be made from the stock of fish, beef, lamb, or mixed vegetables. For extra flavor, add 1 tablespoon sherry to the liquid just before serving. Sufficient for 4 or 5 good portions.

COCHON
D'OR



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 12, 1958

NEW! "busy day" dessert



1 MINUTE TO MAKE!

no cooking!

(just add milk)

**Surprise!
ECONOMY
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It's almost too good to be true! For here is a melt-in-your-mouth dessert of velvety-smoothness, festival flavour—made in *just 1 minute!*

See how your family loves it INSTANTLY—from Dad right down to the smallest fry. And, because Cottee's Instant Pudding makes a *milk-rich* dessert, it's the perfect treat for youngsters. (Watch even the "anti-milk" brigade take to their milk this brand-new way!) To make it more exciting still — Cottee's Instant Pudding is a real money-saver. With 4 to 6 taste-tempting serves from every packet—it costs but *pennies* "per head."

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IT'S EASY AS 1-2-3! You just add Cottee's Instant Pudding to plain milk, beat for 1 minute, set about 10 minutes. No cooking—nor even cooling!

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No, Lux-washed six times!



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THE GIRL WHO WEARS a Lux-washed dress scores in every way. She doesn't spend the earth on clothes, yet she always looks enchantingly smart and fresh.

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FASHION AT YOUR FINGERTIPS. For summer gloves, frosty-white or palely pastel, a nightly refresher in Lux is a must. Nylon stockings and undies, too, of course. Slip on the gloves before you start washing. Your reward? Sparkling gloves, morning-fresh undies, prettier hands!



Lux is
so safe
you'll want
to use it
always



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DRESS SENSE

By

Betty Keep



DS279.—Skirt and jumper-top in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Above, the blouse is drawn in at the waist; left, tied at the hipline. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price 4/-. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

● A two-piece dress with a bloused jumper-top is a chic alternative to the sack dress. This fashion item answers a reader's query.

HERE is the reader's letter and my reply:

“WOULD you please suggest a smart design for autumn other than a sack frock? I want the design made in a fine wool and rayon check. I would also like to know if I could get a paper pattern for the style chosen in 34in. bust.”

You couldn't have anything newer than a two-piece jumper suit with a drawstring top. The drawstring runs through the hem of the jumper; the latter can be worn bloused at the natural waistline or low on the hips. The pictures above illustrate both ideas. The skirt is slim and short. The silhouette stems from the flapper fashions of the '20s. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the pictures are further details.

“COULD you suggest a dressy and unusual idea for the skirt of a short evening dress? The material is a white taffeta. I am S.S.W. fitting.”

The “bubble” skirt is new and eye-catching, so perhaps you would like to follow this theme for your evening dress. The “bubble” skirt, as the name implies, has its fullness caught into a “hobble” hem-band below the knees. This forms a bubble shape. The band is in self-material, and is approximately 3in. wide.

“KINDLY suggest some really new color I could wear. I am tired of blue and pinks. I have brown eyes and creamy skin.”

Orange shades are very new, from pale apricot to deep, glowing orangy-red. Furthermore, shades in this color range should prove very flattering to your eyes and skin.

“PLEASE advise on the most flattering way to make a sack.”

The most wearable variation of the sack dress is elegantly softened and given movement and shape by a drawstring at the waistline centre-front. The drawstring achieves slight blousing; it starts approximately 3in. in front of each side-seam, depending on the wearer's figure proportions.

“IS it necessary for a bridal veil to be worn covering the bride's face as she walks up the aisle?”

Before the marriage ceremony the bride walks up the aisle of the church on her father's right arm, with the wedding veil covering her face. After the ceremony and the register is signed, the bride takes the groom's right arm and walks down the aisle with her veil thrown back.

Beauty
in brief:

WEAR ROUGE PRETTILY

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Rouge is an aid to glamor, if chosen well and used skilfully.

BUT the effect is just the opposite if you choose the wrong shade of rouge, or wear too much in the wrong place.

In a general way, if the skin happens to be naturally pale or sallow, a touch of pink on the cheeks will make you bloom.

However, if your complexion already blooms or has some florid patches, don't pile on any more color.

Possibly the two most-used types of rouge are cream and powder. The first is put on with the fingertips and blended over foundation and before face-powder.

Powder (or dry) rouge is used after powder.

If you are a novice and find it difficult to achieve the proper effect with a rouge puff, try using a soft face-powder brush for the job.

It was too far to see if his lips were hard and set or soft with laughter.

On the dunes a robin sang his evening song. A star blinked and shone brightly. It was too far to see if Ted heard the robin's song. It was too far to see if he raised his eyes to see the star. It was too far to see if he could die, she thought. I could die.

But she could not die. "I hate her," she whispered. "I hate her! Ted wouldn't do this to me! It was her—it's all her fault!"

Bea was always so busy with her shopping and her showers and her tea parties. But she wasn't so busy this afternoon. She had been leaving Ted alone and lonesome all summer, but this afternoon she'd had plenty of time to come down to the dunes and get the first sail in "Vagabondage."

Ted wouldn't do this to her! Not after the way they had worked together on the boat. She was the first mate. Ted had told her so!

She jumped up and crashed blindly through the cattails. She didn't care if they heard her all the way out there on the water. She didn't care about anything. She ran over the shadowed dunes to the sanctuary of her little cave and huddled in its dark, cold safety and wept.

She wept until no more tears came, but she still went on sobbing, as if in the sound of her sobbing she could cling to the last dregs of her misery. Suddenly her sobbing stopped, and her eyes opened in wide wonder.

"I'm acting as if I were in love with Ted!" she said. She stared at the bright evening stars beyond her cave entrance, and a smile formed slowly on her lips.

"That's a hot one!" she said. "Of all the goony ways to act. As if I were in love with Ted! Me, in love!"

That was really funny, and she laughed until her sides hurt her, the way she did sometimes when she was with Ted. She never used to laugh like that before. It was as if Ted had taught her a new trick.

"Me, in love! Why, I wouldn't know love if I fell over it in broad daylight. And I bet Ted is at least twenty-six. Not that I don't like him and all that, but—in love! How goony can you get?"

She crawled out of the cave and shook her hair in the wind, and it felt good. The salt air was good against her hot face, and it felt good. She stood on tiptoe and stretched her arms as if she could touch the stars, and it felt good.

"This gal can get pretty goony," she smiled. "Pretty goony. But that Bea! I could wring her neck. I'll never forgive her for being the first to sail in 'Vagabondage.' Well, I don't care; I'm still the first mate. Ted said so himself."

She started to trot along the dark dunes towards home. Her father must be furious! She hoped she hadn't broken any of the rosebushes. He was so proud of them. And they were beautiful.

She worried all the way home, and then she remembered that her father and Helen were going to the club for dinner and wouldn't be home. She went around back to the utility room, got a flashlight, and went out to look over the rosebushes.

The light shone on a couple of fresh, slanting cuts where her father had trimmed off some branches. Nothing big, nothing serious, but it made her feel like crying just the same. He was so proud of them, and he must be very angry with her. But he wouldn't punish her. He would just ignore her for a day or two. She went on into the kitchen,

Continuing

That Night On The Island

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and Martha took one look at her and rolled her eyes.

"Where've you been?" she wanted to know. "Your father's real mad at you, and Joyce called and Janet called and Mr. Shendell called—"

"He did? When?"

"While back. And I been waiting supper—"

"What did he say? Is he going to call again?"

"He don't make no more sense than you. He just kept yelling, 'She floats! Great day, I thought you was drowned and floating with your eyes open to the moon—'"

"There's no moon. Anyway, you don't float when you drown until your body gets all swollen up. What else did he say?"

"Who? Oh, Mr. Shendell."

Why, he said she floats and he'll be coming by to pick you up first thing in the morning."

Cynthia ran over and hugged Martha.

"I'm starved!" she cried. "Fry me a shark, Martha. No, make it two sharks!"

Martha shook her off gently.

"Don't yell, child," she said.

"And go wash up. You're so dirty a shark wouldn't eat you!"

"I'm so starved, Martha, I could eat you!" She pretended to take a bite of Martha's huge black arm.

"You ain't got the sense you was born with!" Martha laughed and snatched her bottom hard. "Now off with you!" "Make it three sharks!" Cynthia cried on her way to the shower.

WHEN Ted called for her next day he was so excited and happy because the boat floated that Cynthia forgot about acting cool towards him. Besides, he presented her with a large brown-paper bag and, making a little bow, said, "For my first mate." It was a visored yachting cap.

She handed him the cap and leaned her head forward while he put it on. It came down over her ears, and she had to lean back to see him from under the visor.

"Real salty!" Ted said admiringly, and they both laughed.

She stuffed the cap with newspapers until it fitted her and wore it every chance she had.

They had a lot of fun with "Vagabondage" the rest of the summer. Ted was a landlubber, a real summer admiral. But he was fun to teach. He listened patiently to all the lore of seamanship that she had learned from Cap Henry, but, hard as he tried, he never quite got the feel of the wind. He made a lot of mistakes, but that was part of the fun.

They sailed a lot, and sometimes Bea came with them, but Bea did not like sailboats, especially an old tub like "Vagabondage."

They fished a lot too, but the lazy way. Ted had never fished before, and Cynthia promised to teach him the best lazy way she knew. They bought hand-lines and worms and lay down on the seats with life-preservers for pillows and dangled their lines overboard; and sometimes they talked and sometimes they dozed.

"Does one ever catch anything this way?" Ted asked her one day.

"Very seldom," she said sleepily. "That's the idea. Here, I'll teach you another trick. If you want to sleep, wind the line around your big toe."

"Thanks," he said. He wound the line around his big toe, and lay back on the seat again and shut his eyes. Suddenly he sat up.

"Hey, there, Minnow! If a big fish gets on your line, he'll

pull you right out of the boat and take you home for dinner. It wouldn't have to be a very big fish, either."

"Don't worry," she mumbled drowsily. "I didn't bait my hook."

Sometimes they treaded for clams, wading side by side over a sand bar, feeling with their toes for the hard lump of a clam under the thin, shifting sand. One day she cut her big toe on a razor clam, and she was surprised at how stern and worried Ted was. He carried her all the way home along the dune road, making her hold the foot high to stop the bleeding.

"After all, I'm responsible for you," he told her. "Now you keep that foot up high and don't wiggle so much."

"Aye, aye, sir," she said meekly.

It was a nasty cut, and the doctor told her to stay off the foot for a week. She hobbled around the house or lay out on the lawn reading the books Ted brought her, but, even though he dropped by almost every day to sit and chat awhile, it wasn't as much fun as sailing or fishing or clamming.

It might have been because a clam had robbed her of a week of her summer that she lost her temper with Cy Kendall and made an enemy of him. Cy Kendall was a dried-up, hatchet-faced clam-digger, who used to be Cap Henry's rival. Now Cy had most of the clam business to himself. He dug his clams and peddled them from door to door at The Bays, where clam broth and chowder were standard summer fare.

Cap Henry hadn't liked Cy, though he was gentle with him because he used to say that Cy was sick in his soul. Cynthia didn't like him either—especially now when the smell of the dripping clam-baskets made her miss Cap Henry all the more.

She was sitting in the breakfast-room having cookies and milk one forenoon when Cy came to the back door with his baskets. She couldn't see him, but the thin voice and the salty smell of the baskets were un-

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Short stories should be from 2500 to 8000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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mistakable. Martha got a pan and asked him for two dozen steamers. "Make 'em baker's dozens," she told him.

"No, sirree!" Cy whined. "My dozens got twelve in 'em, no more, no less. I ain't one fer squandering my hard work and my good time. Not me, I ain't. Not like some folks around The Bays I could name."

"Who's squandering what?" Martha sounded belligerent.

"Well, now, I ain't sayin'." Cy answered slyly.

Cynthia smiled without humor to herself. When Cy didn't have any real gossip—which was not often—he pretended to know something that he wasn't telling. If that didn't impress the servants, he'd make up an outright lie. He was a dangerous old woman of a man, and he wasn't funny. Cap Henry hadn't liked him and neither did she.

"I ain't one fer sayin'," Cy repeated. "Not that I ain't one fer knowin' plenty, way I git around to houses."

"Go on!" Martha laughed her full-throated laughter. "There ain't much dirty linen the likes of you sees from back doors. Dirty pots and pans in a kitchen, maybe—that's all."

"That so?" he whined. "That so? Well, let me tell you, I see more'n kitchens. Take that artist feller. One day he ain't got the change to pay me, and he has me step in a minute. It ain't that I'm nosy, but I follows him right into the room he calls a studio."

"You'd ought to see them pitchers he paints in there. Tak! Women without no clothes on 'em. He musta seen plenty of 'em! It ain't no secret to me about the gin drinkin' and carousin' around and sinnin' them artist fellers do."

Cynthia forgot her bandaged foot. She bolted out of the breakfast-room, spitting her fury.

"You're a liar, Cy Kendall!" she screamed. "You're a liar! Admit it! Admit it, or I'll scratch the eyes right out of your head!"

He fell back before her fury and backed slowly down the steps.

"Well, now, Miss Bowen, I was only sayin'—"

"You were only lying in your teeth! I've been in that studio a hundred times and there aren't any pictures like that. Admit it!"

"Well, it was sorta dark—maybe I was just seein' things—"

"Admit it!" she shrieked at him, frightened by her own fury.

"I didn't see nothin', Miss Bowen!"

She slammed the screen door in his face and limped back to the breakfast-room. Her whole body was shaking with anger, but she didn't care. She didn't even care if her father or Helen had heard her screeching like that. Martha came in and sat beside her, humming her in with her bulk but not touching her.

"You sure scared him, honey," she said softly. "You sure did."

"I'm so ashamed, Martha," she said wearily. "I made such a fool of myself."

"Folks just can't help making fools of themselves sometimes, honey. Sometimes does us harm, sometimes does our hearts good. Time enough somebody closed that big mouth of his."

"I couldn't help it, Martha." Martha put her soft arm around Cynthia and drew her close to her bosom.

"What's the matter, honey?" the old woman said softly. "Want to tell Martha? You and me've known each other since you was born."

It suddenly occurred to Cynthia that Martha was right; that, aside from her father, Martha was the only person she had really known all her life. She buried her face against the familiar softness and shook with dry sobs.

"I've made such a fool of myself, Martha! Such a fool!"

"You was never in Mr. Shendell's studio, now, was you, honey?" Martha asked.

"No, of course not!" Cynthia wailed. "That's the trouble—I lied! I'm as big a liar as Cy Kendall! I don't know what ails me, Martha."

Cynthia's toe healed, and although she was free to swim and chase around again she did most of it with Joyce and Janet and the gang. She seldom saw Ted in the daytime now, and when they went for a sail it was usually at dusk. Ted had been working very hard at his

To page 44



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So good for shoes



All Fashionable
Colours
... ALSO IN HAND-TUBES

Continuing . . .

That Night On The Island

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painting, but sometimes when he was not with Bea he would stop by and they would go for a little walk along the dunes road.

They hardly ever talked. They walked along, content in their companionship, finding even their silence restful. Sometimes they would sit by Pirates' Cove or on the ocean shore and watch the moonlight on the water.

She knew that he was troubled about his work. She asked him about it, but he said, "It's just work." His voice sounded so impatient that she did not ask him again.

One day he told her that he was taking a batch of his paintings to New York, and she helped him carry the well-wrapped bundle to the taxi. "Good luck!" she wished him. He looked at her vaguely, as if he did not recognise her.

He was gone for three days; then he called for her one evening. She was startled to see how much older he looked, how drawn and tired. Even his golden tan seemed to have faded.

They sat on the porch; she asked him if the city had been hot and he said, "Miserable!" She had never known him to be so withdrawn. He slouched in a chair and worried the stem of his pipe with his teeth and stared broodingly at the night sky.

"What's wrong, Ted?" she asked.

"Nothing," he answered quickly. "Nothing. Everything is just fine." He turned to her suddenly. "Let's take a walk," he said, and got up and walked towards the gate, too restless to wait for her.

"Sure, Ted. Got to tell my parents," she called after him. "Wait for me."

She ran into the house, called up Janet and broke a Scrabble date with her. Her father was in the living-room reading the evening paper, and she told him that she was going out with Ted for a while.

"All right. Don't be late," he said without looking up from the paper.

Helen said, "Take a jacket. It's cool tonight."

Cynthia snatched a jacket from the hall closet and ran out to catch up with Ted. They walked silently along the dark road. Ted stopped suddenly.

"This isn't right. I'm breaking up your evening. I'll bet you had a date tonight."

"Nothing special. Honest!" She glanced up at the sky. There were dark clouds whipping across the moon. They were high wind clouds. She couldn't smell any rain.

"Tell you what," she said. "Let's take 'Vagabondage' out. You need a bit of breeze to blow the blues off you."

"It's too late. And it'll take more than a little breeze to blow away my blues tonight."

"Oh, come on!" she urged him. She tried to sound gay, but his mood depressed her. "There isn't much left to the summer. And it's going to be windy enough out there to blow the blues off St. Louis."

It was a silly thing to say, and it sounded sillier when he didn't laugh.

"All right," he said. "Just for a short ride."

"Sail," she corrected him. "You ride horses and cars; you sail boats. Remember."

But he didn't say "Aye, aye, mate," the way he usually did when she tried to make a sailor of him. He didn't say anything. She felt as if she were talking to a stranger. She was sorry she had suggested that they go sailing. They sailed for a long time in silence.

It was colder on the water, and even with her jacket on she shivered. At last he noticed her huddling miserably with her hands tucked between her knees to keep them warm. When he spoke, his voice was light and natural once more.

"Who ever heard of playing the blues to the accompaniment of castanets?" He chuckled. "Or are those your teeth I hear chattering? Come here, little one."

HE reached over and drew her to the stern and made her sit beside him. He took out an old blanket he kept under the stern seat and wrapped it around both of them.

"There," he said. "Is that any better?"

It was warm and cosy under the blanket with his arm around her shoulders, and she nodded vigorously.

"It's warmer—but it isn't better. What's wrong, Ted?"

"Lots of things," he said. "It's a long tale of woe."

She snuggled against him with exaggerated motions.

"Tell me a long tale of woe," she pleaded.

"I doubt that I could make you understand it," he said thoughtfully. "Even though a lot of it has to do with you."

"Me?" She laughed. "I know—Once upon a time there was a little barefoot princess. Tell me!"

"You—and my work," he said as if he had not heard her.

She drew away from him a little.

"Me—and your work?" She felt confused and strangely frightened, as if she were being imprisoned by his odd words. "But, Ted, I never even saw you when you were painting. You wouldn't let me."

"I know. But you had a lot to do with what and how I painted."

"I don't understand. How?"

"I'm not sure I can make you understand, Cynthia. But

To page 45



Pains go . . .

Why this "liquid" pain-reliever is safer, yet fast-acting

WHY IT ACTS SO FAST

When you drop Disprin into water, the tablets foam and dissolve quickly—to form a liquid. This liquid pain-reliever has the power to pass more quickly from the stomach into the bloodstream. That is why it acts so fast.

WHY IT IS SAFER

Speed of action is the first major advantage of Disprin. The second is that the pain-relieving agent in Disprin has been made effectively non-acid.

There are no irritating acid particles in the liquid solution of Disprin. This is the reason why Disprin is safer.

Take Disprin for headaches, colds, feverishness and rheumatic pain.

Period pains. Disprin at such times is a real blessing to women. Pain is relieved and the nerves are rapidly soothed. Keep the flat pack of Disprin in your handbag.

Ask your Chemist for Disprin



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quickly and safely

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PORCELAIN AND ENAMELWARE
STAINLESS STEEL POTS AND PANS
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OLD DUTCH
FAMOUS AMERICAN FORMULA

O-O-O-W! REACH FOR...



Hot, burning feet? Soothe with cooling 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly—the first aid kit in a jar. At all chemists and stores — 3/11 and 2/6.

'Vaseline' is a registered trade mark of
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I'll try to tell you, anyhow. It might make sense to you some day. Remember, once, I told you how I had been very poor and played too little and was very lonely as a kid?"

"Sure I do. It was the night we went to the movies."

"That's right. Well, being poor was the first thing on my list. So I studied hard and became an illustrator. I make good money as an illustrator. I thought I was happy—or let's call it content. Then this summer something happened. I met you."

"Me?" she asked faintly. The strange fear spread inside her, and the feeling of imprisonment. "Golly, what did I do?" "You were just you," he said. "You were a little pixie that came into my life out of Pirates' Cove, and for the first time in my life I had a playmate. You made me feel like a kid again. And in my own selfish enjoyment I took up a lot of your time, when I'm sure you would rather have been with kids your own age instead of mine."

"Golly, it was fun, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it was—wonderful fun. But it was selfish fun for me, Cynthia. I didn't tell you that I had a contract with the men at the boat basin for them to caulk and paint 'Vagabondage.' I cancelled the contract, and used the boat as an excuse to keep you around and have the fun of your company. I'm a selfish man, Cynthia."

"She said nothing because he was so upset and she couldn't understand why he should be. She was flattered."

"So that's the way it's been,"

Continuing . . .

That Night On The Island

[from page 44]

he said. "You made me feel very young again, and like a fool I lapsed back into like a young attitudes towards my work — youthful dreams that I was destined to be a great artist instead of an illustrator. I've spent most of the summer painting—great art. That's what I took into New York, my great art."

"And they didn't like it?"

"No, they didn't. They told me to stick to illustrating and leave painting to real artists."

She was confused.

"But you are a real artist. Aren't illustrators real artists?"

"No, Cynthia, not exactly. Illustrators portray life as they see it. Artists portray life as they feel it."

"Don't you feel life?"

"I'm afraid of life."

"Oh, you're not!" She laughed.

He did not join her laughter, and she covered quickly. She looked up at him, but his face was lost in the darkness. She shivered.

"You're unhappy," she said.

"I'm sorry, Ted."

His fingers tightened on her shoulder.

"Thanks, little buddy," he said.

"It doesn't really hurt much any more. It's like having a tooth pulled. I'll carry the memory of the pain for a while, but I'll be better off for having had it yanked. I learned something, Cynthia, and the truth is usually painful. I

learned that a person must grow in art; it's immature to go back. Artistic urge is a young urge that grows as the artist grows, and in the same direction. It grows only as he matures and learns to discipline both the art and the artist."

"I may, at one time, have had an urge towards great arts, but I never had it strong enough to be willing to starve to make it grow. I left whatever I did have of it behind me and turned all my efforts towards escaping poverty. I did escape. Then, this summer, I caught a glimpse of that young urge again. I thought I could go back, but I couldn't quite recapture what it was I felt towards art when I was very young. The recapturing of a young dream isn't given to a man who was once afraid to live it."

"Ted, I—I don't know what you mean, exactly. But I don't care what the critics say. I think you're wonderful. I think you're the greatest."

SHE could not see his face in the darkness, but she could tell from the sound of his voice that he was smiling.

"That's what I like about you, little one. You don't know what I'm raving about, but you're as loyal as a terrier."

The moon was gone. The clouds were invisible. The wind was sharper, more fitful. The boat's old timbers groaned as she raced through the shrouded night.

We are lost in a little wind-torn world, Cynthia thought. Ted, and the little frightened boy that he was, and "Vagabondage," and I . . . It didn't make any sense — just words going around and around inside her the way a sound did sometimes. She leaned more heavily against his arm. She was getting sleepy.

"It's late," she mumbled.

"We should be going back."

She didn't really want to go back. She wanted to go on sailing like this through the night and the wind with Ted's arm around her shoulders.

She felt the boat heel as he began to turn her, and she opened her eyes quickly.

"No!" she screamed. "The other way—"

The boat heeled and she heard the broken sound of the waves and wild flapping of the canvas. Then the mast snapped and fell to one side, and something hit Cynthia on the back of the head. She lost consciousness in one explosion of stars, and when she came to again the stars and the pain were still there before her eyes.

She could not have been unconscious for very long. She felt her body swaying and moving; then she realised that Ted's arms were holding her up and that he was wading with her.

"I'm all right," she said.

"Don't wiggle!" he shouted, and his voice sounded very frightened. "Sand bar—there's an island ahead, I think. Are you all right?"

"All right," she said. "All right."

He hoisted her higher in his arms and she heard his labored breathing.

"It's an island, all right. I can see it."

She opened her eyes and saw the dark bulk blacker than the night, and heard the wind whistling with that strange sound that meant marsh grass. He carried her ashore and laid her down on the sand. She was surprised that the blanket was still around her.

"Summer admiral," she mur-

mured. "You'll never learn. What hit me?"

"I butted you, Cynthia. When we started to go, I swept you up, blanket and all, and jumped. That's when I butted you silly. Good thing we were over a sand bar."

"Just a summer admiral," she teased.

"Stay put," he told her. "I'm going after the boat."

She watched him for a few moments, then he disappeared in the darkness. Suddenly a terrible blackness seemed to engulf her, and she struggled out of the blanket and ran to the water's edge.

"Ted!" she screamed. "Ted!"

She felt that she had lost him somewhere out there in the windswept, black sea, and she screamed his name. Even when she saw him coming towards her out of the gloom she went right on screaming. She threw her arms around him and clutched him frantically.

"Ted! Don't ever leave me," she sobbed. "Don't ever leave me again!"

He picked her up in his arms and she clung to him desperately.

"Don't leave me . . . Don't ever leave me alone—ever!"

"It's all right, Cynthia," he said gently. "You're safe now. Easy, now. You're going to be all right."

"It was so dark — I thought you were lost—"

"What, and leave my little buddy shipwrecked all alone? Not on your life!"

He wrapped the blanket around her once more and sat cross-legged near her on the sand until she began to calm down.

"I'm—I'm sorry," she said finally. "What are you thinking about?"

"I'm thinking that this is one hell of a mess, Cynthia. Do you have any idea where we are?"

She looked around her and at the shore lights barely visible in the distance.

"I think it's Little Egg Island. I'm not sure. Did you find 'Vagabondage'?"

"No. She'd gone. Either sunk or drifted off in the wind."

"Drifted," she said. "She can founder but she won't sink. We'll find her in the morning."

"I never want to see that miserable tub again!" he said angrily. "Can you imagine how worried your folks will be?"

She had no thought of them. "Are there any shacks or anything on Little Egg Island?"

Ted asked.

"No. Nothing."

"I ought to have my head examined, taking you out sailing on a night like this."

"I think it's fun—sort of." She began to chuckle. "Anyhow, we may as well make the best of it. Who knows when we'll ever get shipwrecked again? Here, wrap up in half the blanket and let's make plans on how to send up smoke signals."

"No, I'll get you all wet. I'm soaked. So are my matches."

She jumped up quickly.

"Oh, Ted, I'm awfully sorry. You must be half-frozen. Take off your jacket!"

He protested, but she made him take it off; then she helped him peel off the clinging jersey he wore under it. His skin felt like ice when her fingers touched it. She took off her own jacket to use as a towel, and rubbed his chest and back with all her might. She spread the blanket out where the sand felt softest, just beneath the line of marsh grass, and made him lie down on it. Then she lay down beside him and reached over and covered both of them with the blanket. She put her

To page 47

A new kind of deodorant that is easy to apply



MUM ROLLETTE

it rolls on!



- More effective than crumbly sticks!
- Not messy like sprays!
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MUM ROLLETTE is a new kind of deodorant that rolls on more effective protection . . . from the miracle revolving marble built into the top of the bottle. There is no mess, no drip, no waste! This gentle lotion checks perspiration . . . stops odour for a full 24 hours. Perfectly safe for normal skin—won't damage clothing. Only 7/6

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"NARDA." Smartly styled end-of-summer cotton. The dress features a scooped neckline, front-buttoned fastening, and a contrasting rick-rack braid trim. The material is printed floral cambric in grey, red, and aqua on a white ground.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £4/12/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £4/15/-. Postage and registration 3/9 extra.

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NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 61. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 12, 1958

New Life for Tired Rooms!



Silver Star "Spotlight" gives a lift to this bright kitchen. No need to worry about grease or flour or any other cooking mess on the floor. Just whisk over with a damp cloth and presto!—the dirt has gone, leaving no stain, no trace at all. What a blessing!

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Star treatment — and under

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Give that tired room "treatment" — Silver Star treatment — and watch it come to life! For under £5 you can cover the average room with famous Silver Star high-gloss, hard-surface floor covering, choosing one of dozens of bright, new, colourful patterns. Silver Star's hard-wearing, gleaming surface is so easy to keep clean, too: just a wipe over with a damp cloth or mop whisks off the dirt and keeps it like new. No polishing necessary!

Generations of Australian housewives know Silver Star and now here it is with a range of fresh, bright, new, wonderful patterns! See it at your home furnisher's or in the floor covering department of your favourite store. Ask for Silver Star — and you'll get star treatment for any room in the house.



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arms around him and snuggled up against him. After a while he stopped shivering, and the smooth skin of his shoulder began to feel warm beneath her cheek.

"My little arm-strong heater," he teased her. They lay like that with his arm around her and her head resting on his shoulder.

"Listen to that wind howling," he said drowsily. They listened to the wind and the lapping of the waves against the shore and the hissing of the waves over the bay, and then he said, "Whistle something."

It was the first time he had ever asked her to whistle for him. She began to whistle very softly, and the sweet, trilling sound blended with the warmth of their bodies, and the howling of the wind seemed to soften and draw farther away, and the hissing waves became a crooning harmony to her melody.

She felt his breathing change and grow deeper as he fell asleep, and she continued whistling softly to herself. When the wind died and the moon came out of fitful hiding, she, too, was asleep.

At early dawn Cy Kendall found them. They felt the vibration of his footsteps in their sleep, and woke up and saw him standing over them.

"I found your boat all busted up and floatin' upside down," he whined. "When I seen you two ashore here, I figured as how you was drowned and washed up here."

He looked down at them and grinned.

"Looks like you ain't drowned—not by a heap. What happened—boat drift off and leave you stranded?"

"We tipped over," Ted said. In the early-morning light his face looked grey and tired and angry. He went into a long explanation of what had happened, and Cynthia wondered why he bothered.

"Let's go home," she said irritably. "I'm stiff and tired." Cy Kendall looked down at her and grinned.

"Sure, miss, bound to be." He turned to Ted and suggested slyly, "I found the boat free

Continuing

That Night On The Island

from page 45

and driftin' . . . There oughta be salvage . . ."

"You can keep her," Ted said shortly. "She's yours. I never want to see her again."

They huddled in Cy Kendall's boat and watched the red sun rising slowly above the thin line of the distant dunes. "Red in the morning, sailor's warning," Cynthia quoted, but Ted did not answer.

He sat tight-lipped, frowning at his clenched hands. She

Her father and Helen heard them drive up, and they ran out of the house even before the taxi had time to turn around and head back. They looked pale and worried.

"Hi!" Cynthia yelled. "What a time we had! We got wrecked, and we got marooned on an island all night, and poor Ted almost froze to death. Cy Ken-

"I know. You've already told me."

"I think you had better go to bed now, dear," Helen said.

Cynthia looked from one to the other, but they avoided her eyes. They were scared, she thought. They were worried. The thought pleased her.

"All right, Helen," she said. "I could sleep for a week."

She turned towards the house and they all followed her. Even Ted. She stopped at the foot of the stairs and turned around.

"I'm sorry, Dad, that you were worried," she said. "Imagine getting everyone out of bed at this hour of the morning to go searching for us! Well, they'll see a pretty sunrise, anyhow. Good night, Ted. I mean, good morning. It was fun, wasn't it?"

"Yes," he said shortly.

Helen came up to the bedroom with her and sat on the edge of the bed while she undressed and slipped into her pyjamas.

"Feels silly putting on pyjamas with the sun already up."

Helen started to say something, hesitated, and at last said, "I guess it can wait until you get some sleep. Are you all right?"

"Sure, I'm all right. Just sleepy."

"You don't think it would be better if I called Dr. Peller—"

"Whatever for? I'm all right."

Helen left the room. Her lips were very tight. Angry. Or frightened.

What's come over everyone? Cynthia wondered. Dad can call the Coast Guard and the Power Squadron . . .

She shrugged, then stretched out and groaned in warm contentment. She had never realised that her bed was so soft. She shut her eyes, then opened them in sudden amazement as

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"Find any new planets in that blonde's apartment?"

felt as if he were a stranger. She was chilled and sleepy and miserable. Only Cy Kendall smiled to himself from time to time as he headed towards The Bays.

The town was still asleep when he landed them; they had to walk all the way to the railroad to get a taxi to drive them home. They did not talk during the ride, except once when Ted looked at her for a long time, then he shook his head and said, "I'm sorry, Cynthia. I wish it hadn't happened."

She said, "Don't be silly—it was fun," but she was too tired to say more about it.

dall found us this morning and it was the biggest thrill!"

"Well!" her father exploded. "I'm glad you found it a thrill! We were worried half to death! Do you know that the Coast Guard and every available boat in the Power Squadron is getting ready to go out searching for you two?"

"You're kidding!" she said in wide-eyed disbelief. She looked at Ted, but he avoided her eyes and his lips were set so tight that there was a pale line around them. "Why, golly! Nothing happened except poor 'Vagabondage' got wrecked and we spent the night—"

Every mother should know these facts about laxatives



NASTY-TASTING laxative oils are now known to be bad for children. Castor oil irritates the system, causing griping, colic and pain. And paraffin oil interferes with the absorption of food and vitamins. The recommended modern laxative is Laxettes chocolate squares. Easy to take — no spoons, no fuss! — Laxettes give a thorough, gentle action, without griping or embarrassing urgency, and do not deprive the body of nourishment. Laxettes are safe to take with other medicines. They do not affect the stomach, cannot overdose, and are seldom needed the next day. Get Laxettes today from your chemist or store and "when Nature forgets, remember Laxettes."

5 reasons why LAXETTES are the best laxative for children

- Safest
- No tummy upsets
- Surest
- Not habit-forming
- Nicest to take

LAXETTES

the laxative for children

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Mother loves it because it is mild enough for even my sensitive skin

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1ST PRIZE £1,000
2ND PRIZE £250
3RD PRIZE £100
and 30 prizes of £5

VELVET SOAP'S GREAT

"Who says what" CONTEST

FUN TO DO! EASY TO WIN!

The whole family will want to enter a contest as interesting and rewarding as this. All contestants have to do is:

Decide which of the statements set out below "belong" to the people in the photographs and mark the letter of the photograph against the statement that goes with it—then, using imagination and a knowledge of the product, write down (in 12 words or less) what Aunt Jenny might be saying about good, pure Velvet Soap.

RULES ARE SIMPLE — ENTRIES UNLIMITED

- Prizes will be awarded according to the skill, imagination and inventiveness shown by contestants.
- Judges' decisions will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.
- Every entry must bear the name and address of the contestant in block letters.
- Entries may be sent in on a plain sheet of paper if desired.
- Prizewinners will be notified by mail and a full list will be published in all capital city morning papers on Tuesday, 25th March.
- Entries should be addressed to Velvet "Who Says What" Contest: Box 7061, G.P.O., Sydney; Box 4299, G.P.O., Melbourne; Box 1448W G.P.O., Brisbane; Box 224C, G.P.O., Adelaide; Box 1000, P.O., North Fremantle; Box 95D, G.P.O., Hobart.
- Entries must be received by 28th February, 1958.
- A Velvet wrapper must accompany each entry.
* Wrappers not required from states where the law prohibits their inclusion.

This is what they say

- ☐ "I like mum using Velvet for washing up because then it's done so quickly."
- ☐ "My 3 youngsters give me plenty of washing to do, but Velvet keeps my hands nice and smooth."
- ☐ "Velvet gets more popular every day—women like its special gentleness and economy."
- ☐ "I've proved Velvet's extra soapy suds really do make clothes last longer."
- ☐ "Nothing gets dishes so clean so easily. When I'm married I'll always use Velvet."

AND AUNT JENNY SAYS (12 words or less)

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE
(BLOCK LETTERS)



Home is where the heart is.
—Pliny.

almost immediately and he came out. He was dressed for town, and he looked very pale and had dark circles under his eyes.

"Cynthy, what are you doing here?"

"Came to wake you up, old lazybones." She laughed. "Want to go for a swim?"

He sat down on the steps suddenly, and she sat a step below him and looked up at him. She had never seen him look so serious and worried and old. He looked almost as old as her father.

"Have you talked to your father and Helen?" he asked.

"Not this afternoon. They were out when I woke up."

"Ye gods, aren't they back yet?"

She shook her head, and a small frown shadowed her eyes. "Why? What's all the mystery and gloom? Has someone died?"

He nodded slowly.

"Yes, Cynthy. I guess you could call it that. Something young and beautiful has died."

He rubbed his hand angrily across his eyes. "It was very beautiful, Cynthy, but it wasn't real. It was a dream, with all the carefree joy that real life never has. It was a dream, like boats have in the fog when they think that they've broken their bondage to the sea and are flying. But dreams and fog never last. You shouldn't be here, Cynthy."

"Ted, don't talk like that." She shivered. She felt confused and frightened. "What are you trying to tell me, Ted?"

But she knew. The knowledge was deep inside her, a slow-spreading wound that was still without pain.

"What are you trying to tell me, Ted?"

"I'm marrying Bea a week from Sunday."

"So soon? But I thought—" She began to feel the pain now, dull and heavy and directionless. "Golly, Ted, I'm glad, in a way. For you, I mean. You've hardly had a chance to see Bea all summer, with the trousseau and all. I—I'll miss you, I guess. I guess, in a way,

I wish you weren't getting married at all. But I'm really very happy for you. I mean—we'll still be friends, won't we?"

"Yes, Cynthy. We'll always be friends."

"I couldn't stand it if I thought we wouldn't. I guess I never had a real friend before."

"I guess I never did, either."

"You know what I'm going to do? I'm going to kiss you!"

"Don't—please, Cynthy."

"Well, golly, don't look so scared! I only—"

"Cynthy," he said, "little one, please go home."

"You don't mean that," she said softly. "Ted, what's the matter? I'm scared!"

"Everything will be all right, Cynthy. Please go home now."

"All right," she said. "All right, I'll go home."

She walked away, feeling the pain becoming sharper, spreading like fog, filling her with the dark foreboding of doom. Her father and Helen were not back yet. She could hear the phone ringing inside the dark house, and she ran to answer it. It was Joyce.

"I've been ringing for hours!" Joyce's voice was a strained, high-pitched whisper. "I got scared when you didn't answer!"

"What did you say?" Cynthy asked. "I can barely hear you."

"I'm calling from the upstairs extension because I don't want mother to hear me talking to you. She'd have a fit! I was scared when you didn't answer the phone. I was ready to hang up and call the police."

"The police! Joyce, what are you talking about?"

"I thought maybe you'd done something foolish."

Cynthy sat on the floor and propped her back against the wall.

"All right," she said. "Now take a deep breath and start all over again. What's it all about?"

"You ought to know!" Joyce said indignantly. "It's all over town. I don't think anybody at The Bays slept last night, worrying about you. Then Cy-

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no resemblance to any living person.

Kendall came in and said he found you sleeping with Ted on an island, and—are you there?"

"Yes, I'm here."

"Honest, I was glad, Cynthy. I had visions of you drowned, and that would be even worse! After all, if you're in love with Ted, and everything... Well, I mean, we aren't kids now, are we?"

"No, we're not. And I'm not in love with Ted. And I don't know what you're raving about."

"There! I told Mother that I wouldn't believe anything that anybody said, unless you were really in love with Ted. I think love makes a difference. Mother and I had a terrible fight, and she said I wasn't ever to see you or talk to you again, love or no love. Janet isn't allowed to see you either. I told Janet that I didn't care."

Cynthy put the phone back in the cradle slowly.

"No!" she whispered. "Oh, no!"

She got up, and started to run in blind panic, frantically trying to escape from Joyce's

Continuing

That Night On The Island

from page 47

a thought flashed through her mind.

They couldn't think — Oh, no! They couldn't!

Of course they couldn't! That was silly. They were just scared and worried about her, that was all.

She shut her eyes again and sighed. Downstairs she could hear the drone of voices. Her father's voice and Ted's. Her father's voice sounded loud and angry or frightened. Ted's voice was very soft. He must be dead for sleep, too. Poor Ted . . . poor "Vagabondage" . . .

It was late afternoon when she woke up; the house was deathly still. She dressed and went downstairs, but there was no one in the house or out in the garden. Even Martha was gone. Cynthy poured herself a glass of milk and ate some cookies; then she went out and sauntered towards the MacIntosh cottage.

Ted was probably still asleep. She whistled softly, and was surprised when the door opened

almost immediately and he came out. He was dressed for town, and he looked very pale and had dark circles under his eyes.

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"What are you trying to tell me, Ted?"

"I'm marrying Bea a week from Sunday."

"So soon? But I thought—" She began to feel the pain now, dull and heavy and directionless. "Golly, Ted, I'm glad, in a way. For you, I mean. You've hardly had a chance to see Bea all summer, with the trousseau and all. I—I'll miss you, I guess. I guess, in a way,

I wish you weren't getting married at all. But I'm really very happy for you. I mean—we'll still be friends, won't we?"

"Yes, Cynthy. We'll always be friends."

"I couldn't stand it if I thought we wouldn't. I guess I never had a real friend before."

"I guess I never did, either."

"You know what I'm going to do? I'm going to kiss you!"

"Don't—please, Cynthy."

"Well, golly, don't look so scared! I only—"

"Cynthy," he said, "little one, please go home."

"You don't mean that," she said softly. "Ted, what's the matter? I'm scared!"

"Everything will be all right, Cynthy. Please go home now."

"All right," she said. "All right, I'll go home."

She walked away, feeling the pain becoming sharper, spreading like fog, filling her with the dark foreboding of doom. Her father and Helen were not back yet. She could hear the phone ringing inside the dark house, and she ran to answer it. It was Joyce.

"I've been ringing for hours!" Joyce's voice was a strained, high-pitched whisper. "I got scared when you didn't answer!"

"What did you say?" Cynthy asked. "I can barely hear you."

"I'm calling from the upstairs extension because I don't want mother to hear me talking to you. She'd have a fit! I was scared when you didn't answer the phone. I was ready to hang up and call the police."

"The police! Joyce, what are you talking about?"

"I thought maybe you'd done something foolish."

Cynthy sat on the floor and propped her back against the wall.

"All right," she said. "Now take a deep breath and start all over again. What's it all about?"

"You ought to know!" Joyce said indignantly. "It's all over town. I don't think anybody at The Bays slept last night, worrying about you. Then Cy-

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no resemblance to any living person.

Kendall came in and said he found you sleeping with Ted on an island, and—are you there?"

"Yes, I'm here."

"Honest, I was glad, Cynthy. I had visions of you drowned, and that would be even worse! After all, if you're in love with Ted, and everything... Well, I mean, we aren't kids now, are we?"

"No, we're not. And I'm not in love with Ted. And I don't know what you're raving about."

"There! I told Mother that I wouldn't believe anything that anybody said, unless you were really in love with Ted. I think love makes a difference. Mother and I had a terrible fight, and she said I wasn't ever to see you or talk to you again, love or no love. Janet isn't allowed to see you either. I told Janet that I didn't care."

Cynthy put the phone back in the cradle slowly.

"No!" she whispered. "Oh, no!"

She got up, and started to run in blind panic, frantically trying to escape from Joyce's

CLAIRE BLOOM

● To be a Charles Chaplin leading lady (as Claire Bloom was in "Limelight") has proved the professional kiss of death to a score of promising actresses. It took British-born Claire some years — and a beautiful New York performance as Juliet with the Old Vic — to shake off the traditional jinx.

But now back in Hollywood, and with the prestige of having been personally selected by the influential Yul Brynner to co-star with him in "The Buccaneer," the lovely 23-year-old brunette can just about call her own tune.

Still unmarried, Claire says she is waiting for the right man.

Below, Claire is seen as the exquisite Katya of "The Brothers Karamazov," and, at right, as she looks today.

FILM FAN-FARE

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PILOTS' ROMANCE



1 **LANDING** on a flying school field, Chandler meets his old navigator, Denning, who introduces flying instructor Lana. Chandler persuades them to join him in a new venture.

★ Universal's new romantic film, "The Lady Takes a Flyer," stars Lana Turner as a commercial pilot who marries ex-Air Force Colonel Jeff Chandler, now a commercial pilot, and nearly loses him when she becomes domesticated.

Promising newcomer Andra Martin is the girl who offers Jeff the old good times, and Richard Denning plays the flyer who lets Lana get away from him.

The film, directed by Jack Arnold, is in Eastman Color CinemaScope.



2 **THROWN TOGETHER** by their new work, Lana begins to forget Denning and to return Chandler's interest. They co-pilot a plane to Tokio, and during the flight home Chandler proposes marriage and is accepted.



3 **ENGAGED** as a replace pilot while Lana is having a baby, Andra, on a trip to India, makes a play for the boss. But the baby's birth sends him quickly back.



4 **DANGER** of losing Chandler, who misses the gay companionship of former times, is realised by Lana, when Denning, who went back into the Air Force after her marriage, finds her home alone on Christmas Eve.



5 **LEFT.** Reporting for work, Lana insists on doing a ferry job to England. But Chandler, who is worried, takes off also.

6 **ABOVE.** Ordering Lana to bail-out over the fog-bound English airfield, Chandler realises that he is still in love with her.

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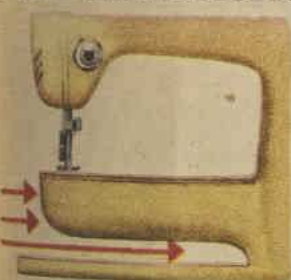
Again without any cumbersome attachments Halvena sews press studs, hooks and eyelets. A "woven" darn is shown, too.



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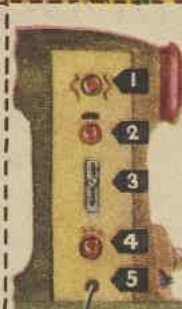
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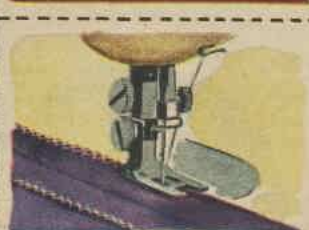
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Picture shows Overcasting. Halvena also does rolled hemming, ruffling and hemstitching, and can hem and insert lace in the one operation. All so simple and neat.



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W.W.2/58

New Film Releases

★ THE SMALLEST SHOW ON EARTH

Lion International comedy, with Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers, Margaret Rutherford, Peter Sellers. Embassy, Sydney.

THIS Laundry and Giliat production, directed by Basil Dearden, is British comedy at its very special best, in a story of a young couple who inherit a broken-down provincial picture show and its decrepit staff of three.

These are Rutherford, the elderly paramour of the deceased proprietor, Sellers (of "Goon Show" fame) as the alcoholic projectionist, and Bernard Miles as the doddering commissionaire.

And a beautiful, highly skilled job they do, even supplying one inspired moment of real pathos as an old silent film is re-run to the accompaniment of Margaret's trills at the piano.

Vital charm and intelligence is brought to a role quite unworthy of her by Virginia McKenna, as the wife who loyally stands by Travers in trying to "make a go" of his inheritance.

The delights and riches of the old "Bijou"—or "flea pit" as it is affectionately known to patrons—are too numerous to mention. Enjoy them for yourselves.

In a word: GEM.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent

★★★ Above average

★ Average

No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

★ THE PAJAMA GAME

Warner musical, with Doris Day, John Raitt, Carol Haney, Eddie Foy, jun. In WarnerColor. Regent, Sydney.

DEPENDING on not on whether you like a conventional musical comedy technique, you'll either rave about or deplore its faithful observation in this stage musical transferred to the screen.

With the exception of Doris and the minor role played by Barbara Nichols, the cast is the same as that of the New York smash-hit.

The best thing it has to offer is Carol Haney, a wonderfully talented, curiously endearing comedienne.

Returning to her old studio (and the sort of roles that suit her best), Doris makes the ardent garment-trade unionist who falls in love with the new superintendent a warm and real human being.

And what she does to a song is a joy.

A young man with the re-

News from movie centres

From LONDON and HOLLYWOOD

STUDIO gossips are really sinking their teeth into the bowing-out of "Ten North Frederick" by Spencer Tracy and his replacement by Gary Cooper, due in Australia later this year for "The Sundowners," with Deborah Kerr.

The reason Tracy wouldn't go on with the film is generally supposed to be the casting of former New York model Suzy Parker, whose much-boomed appearance in "Kiss Them For Me" was received with some very nasty critical cracks.

To make matters more awkward for Suzy, 18-year-old Diane Varsi, hailed as a real

quired vocal resources and the physical endowments of all post-"Annie Get Your Gun" musical leads, Raitt does well enough, in a slightly histrionic way.

A pajama factory is not everyone's idea of the most attractive background for a musical film.

But the immensely able producing-directing team of Stanley Donen and George Abbott (the big Broadway name) have made the most of its limitations.

In a word: DEPENDS.

find following her debut in "Peyton Place," has been added to the cast. Suzy is going to have some very tough acting opposition.

NOT so long ago looked upon as a good bet for the Mrs. Bing Crosby title, actress Ginger Stevens has been seen about a good deal lately with Bing's best friend, song-writer Jimmy Van Heusen.

TO follow up his Army comedy, "Sad Sack," Jerry Lewis' next one will be about life in the Navy. "Now Hear This" is its title, and it's expected that filming will get under way soon after the completion of "Rock-a-Bye Baby," which Jerry's doing for his own company, York Productions.

BRITISH producer Maxwell Setton has returned from a visit to Warsaw, where he successfully negotiated a co-production deal with the Polish Government to do a film on the life story of author Joseph Conrad. He's trying to interest Kirk Douglas to star in the film that should be made some time this year.

NEXT production of David O. Selznick is to be "Tender is the Night," with Jennifer Jones as the star. Selznick has signed writer Ben Hecht to turn Scott Fitzgerald's novel into a screenplay.



PREMIERE of "Sayonara" was attended by Frank Sinatra and Lauren Bacall. Frank's ex-wife, Nancy, was there, too, and sat with admirer Hugh O'Brien.



ESCORTS were switched when Eva Marie Saint linked her arm with Don Murray's, leaving Don's wife, Hope Lange, with Eva's husband, Jeff Hayden.

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Why don't you make Pears a family affair?



Continuing . . .

That Night On The Island

from page 48

words, trying to escape from the whispering voices of the whole town. But there was no place to go, and she sank on the floor and covered her face with her hands.

"Oh, no!" she whispered. "Oh, no!"

She heard her father's car stop in front of the house, and she jumped to her feet and ran out to meet him.

"Daddy!" she cried. "Daddy!" She stopped in front of him, her arms half-lifted in supplication, her throat choked with her need for him. He glanced down at her, hardly seeing her, then brushed past on his way to the house.

"Come inside," he said. "We want to talk to you."

She stood in the twilight, staring at the vast emptiness within her arms, then followed her parents.

There were lights in the living-room and she went in. Her father and Helen were sitting upright on the sofa, very straight and stiff, their faces set and grey, as if they had brought the grey twilight into the room with them.

"Sit down, young lady," her father said, and she wanted to laugh because her father never called her "young lady," not even when he was angry. Saying it like this now was almost as if he were talking to a stranger.

She wanted to laugh because she was not a stranger, and because he didn't have to tell her to sit down. Her knees were soft as jellyfish and she couldn't stand up any longer even if she wanted to.

"I'm tired of other people's assurances," he said. "I'm going to ask you a question. It's not an easy one for me to ask, and I want a straight answer. Did you—was there anything wrong between you and Ted Shendell?"

She sat on the edge of her chair and listened to the words coming out of the cold grey twilight that was his face. She sat very straight, listening to the question he should not have to ask her.

"Wrong?" she heard her own voice say. "You mean like—like sex?"

"You know what I mean!" her father shouted. "Answer me!"

There was hurt in his eyes. She had never seen hurt in his eyes before. Not even when her mother died. Why was there no hurt in his eyes when her mother died? But there was hurt in them now for her, and she said eagerly:

"No, of course not, Dad. Ted and I are friends—awfully good friends."

"Well!" he sighed. "That's a load off my mind."

She felt bitter hatred suddenly flood her mouth. It was his hurt. All of it. All of it for himself!

"Mother, I know!" she thought. "Now I know. He didn't love you. He doesn't know how to love—"

"All right, there was nothing wrong," he said. "Ted assured me himself, but I wanted to hear from you. Unfortunately, a great deal appears wrong. So of course everyone's tongue is wagging about it. I suppose a lot of all this is my fault. I let you run wild—I didn't realise how fast you were growing up."

"You mustn't blame yourself," Helen told him. "There's no point in our blaming ourselves."

Cynthia looked at Helen in surprise. She had forgotten that she was there. It didn't even seem right for Helen to be there. She didn't belong. Mother, she whispered in the

emptiness inside her, Mother . . .

But there was no answer.

She heard her father's voice saying, "We've been over to the Walrights'. Naturally they are all very upset about this gossip that has spread through the town. But I think we've worked out a good solution."

Shock struck her like a physical blow, and for a moment she felt faint. Her voice sounded half-strangled.

"You went to the Walrights'! You talked about Ted and me as if—as if— You talked to the Walrights—before you talked to me?"

"Now, Cynthia—" Helen said.

Her father went on as if he had not heard her.

"Ted was there, of course, and Bea." He sounded very calm and remote. "We all



realise that it was a harmless lark. But of course it appears very much more serious. I think that Bea and her parents were very generous in their understanding. We all agreed that the best way to stop this gossip, once and for all, is for Bea and Ted to advance their wedding date and get married as soon as possible."

"You talked to the Walrights about this—about Ted and me—and sex, and all the dirty gossip—before you even talked to me!"

"You were asleep. There was no point in dragging you into it. It's a serious matter, one to be settled among adults."

"Adults!" She jumped to her feet. "You talked about this behind my back with strangers! You settled it all before you even had the decency to ask me what I thought or felt or wanted. You—"

"Now, Cynthia—" Helen said.

"You shut up!" she screamed, without taking her eyes off her father. "And after you settled it all—you adults!—then you come back here and ask me if there's anything wrong. Me—the kid that's too young to be dragged into an adult discussion but who's not too young to have her own father suspect her of being a—" she choked over the word she meant to say.

"Now you stop that!" her father shouted. "That's not true!"

"Then why did you ask me?"

"That's not important! The important thing is that Bea and Ted are going to be married a week from Sunday. And you, young lady, are going to

that wedding. You and Helen and I—we're going to stop the gossip."

She looked from her father to Helen in disbelief, and Helen nodded.

"It's the only way," Helen said.

"Yes, it's the only way," her father said. "We all agreed on that."

She looked from one to the other, but their eyes turned away and left her naked and condemned.

"You don't believe me, do you?" she asked in soft surprise. "If you really believed me, you wouldn't use me like this. So you want me to go to the wedding. You want me to go so people can stare at me like I was some kind of freak, and whisper to each other."

"There couldn't have been anything wrong between Ted Shendell and the Bowen girl. She wouldn't dare show her face

"FIRE"



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Vegemite, made by Kraft, is available in 2 and 4-oz. jars, and 6-oz. re-usable glasses. For big savings buy the 8 and 16-oz. family-size jars or the new "Mighty" size 2-lb. jar.



Mrs. Lucke sees that Vegemite is always on the table at meal times—so all the family can spread it on bread and toast. They love it!



VEGEMITE FOR VITALITY

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Continuing

That Night On The Island

from page 53

the hot flood of anger surging up her face, prickling along her scalp, burning, scalding, scarring along her cheek where his hand had struck her. I hate you, she thought. I hate you more than life!

Thought swept into her mind once more, carried on a torrent of hate that swirled inside her. She felt it crashing against her eyelids, pounding against her temples, coursing through every convulsed muscle in her body. Her body tensed and squirmed in painful urgency, but there was nothing left to smash, and she bit her lips to stifle her scream of frustration.

Gradually her body relaxed and the convulsions stopped. She crouched in the darkness of the window seat and the torrent of thought entered channels of purpose. Her eyes no longer stared. They narrowed with purpose.

I'll be adult, she thought. I'll be a grown-up in a grown-up world. I'll play the game with grown-up rules. I'll go to the church. I'll take the usher's arm. "Friend of the bride," I'll say . . .

She smiled. Friend of the bride! Wonderful! My father and Helen and I, we'll sit on the bride's side. And everyone will stare at us and nod to one another and sigh with relief because we're on the bride's side.

She could hear the minister: "We are gathered together . . . If any man can show . . . may not be joined together—"

She hugged her knees and rocked back and forth in silent glee.

I'll tell him a reason, she thought. I'll give him a whale of a reason! I'll make that precious moment of silence so ugly that none of them will ever forget it. I'll make it as ugly as I am! I'll give him a reason!

She got up and paced in the darkness with quick, feline steps, no longer thinking, no longer needing to think. Her hatred was a brilliant light that illuminated and guided her movements and directed her body.

She stopped, alert as an animal, sensing the house around her, the silence, the passage of time. It was late. Her father and Helen had gone to sleep.

She stood before the window and stretched her arms to the dark world outside, the emptiness outside. She folded her arms and pressed the cold emptiness against her. Then she went to the closet; her

fingers touched fabrics, and through their touch she felt texture and saw color. The scarlet skirt. The white blouse. Scarlet and white . . .

She laughed silently and slipped the skirt over her head and buttoned the blouse. She unlocked her door and ran swiftly downstairs on silent, bare feet. She unlocked the front door. She breathed the night. She ran, feeling the wind cold against her flaming face, feeling the stars and the old moon, and the night, cold and empty against the white flame inside her.

THERE was a light burning inside the MacIntosh Cottage. It startled her, and she stopped running. She moved on as in a dream, propelled forward by the torrent that had driven her this far. She walked slowly up the cottage steps. The door handle was cold in her hand. The knob turned, and the closed door opened forward and she moved forward with it.

She stood in the dim light of the hall, looking into the brightly lit studio room beyond. She saw Ted sitting on a low stool before an easel. His back was towards her, but he had heard her come in, and he was turning slowly.

He did not call out her name. He did not speak.

She held her hands out slowly.

"I've come to you," she said. "I'm a woman."

She closed her eyes slowly, and in their last dim light she saw him rising from the stool.

Hell is full of musical amateurs.

—George Bernard Shaw

In her blind torment she stiffened as she sensed him moving towards her, drawing nearer, standing before her. She sensed his hands rising slowly to take hers. Then she opened her eyes.

Ted's face was close to hers, but he was not looking at her. He was looking down at his hands as they held hers. Then he looked at her face. His eyes were very tender and his mouth looked soft.

He put a finger under her chin and tilted her face up

until she met his eyes. Then he bent his head and touched her mouth with his lips.

"You are a woman, Cynthia," he said gently. "And a very beautiful woman."

She felt the tears burst from her in an uncontrollable gasp, and she sagged against him and buried her face against his chest. He picked her up lightly in his arms, the way he had picked her up the time she had cut her foot, and carried her to the low stool before the easel. He sat down with her still cradled in his arms.

"Go on and cry, little one," he whispered. "It isn't an easy thing to be a woman."

He rocked her gently as she wept her anguish and shame against his shoulder. At last her crying stopped, and she rested quietly in the only warm comfort and compassion she had ever known.

Then she saw the painting on which he had been working, and she stirred a little in his arms.

"That's not an illustration, Ted—that's a painting, isn't it? I've never seen one of your paintings before."

"I was painting it for you," he said. "I was trying to finish it before—"

"Before the wedding?"

Somehow, now it didn't hurt her to say it. It didn't hurt her at all.

"Yes," he said. "Before the wedding."

"It's a beautiful painting," she said.

"Is it?"

"I think so . . . I don't know . . . it frightens me a little."

It was a scene of dunes and of waves crashing over a beach, and wind-flung gulls, and cloud tatters sweeping in from the sea to cover the sun with storm. The storm was beginning to engulf the sky and the breaking waves and the dunes and the figure running along the dunes.

She had not seen the figure at first because it was a big storm and a big sea. Now she saw it—a strange figure, misty, ghostlike, lost in the terrible mounting of the storm. But it was there, taking shape and form, dominating the scene because it was alive.

It was a woman—or was it a girl? Her legs were a bit too long for the rest of her body, and her outflung arms a bit too thin. Her body was a shadow in the wind-whipped veils she was wearing, veils that were not exactly veils and not exactly mist—almost as if she

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Page 54

MANY MOTIFS FOR EMBROIDERY



FLOWER-BASKETS, crinoline ladies, butterflies, and floral sprays are among the wide variety of motifs featured in Embroidery Transfer No. 185. Use these lovely designs to decorate your guest-towels, pillow-cases, aprons, scarves, and place mats. They can be ordered from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 2/6.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 12, 1958

were running naked in a glow of light radiating from her own body.

She was running with her head thrown back and her eyes closed, her lips parted and smiling, her arms held out as if to gather the storm to herself. She was reaching blindly for that frightening darkness, that unknown and unseen storm.

"It's not finished!" she cried suddenly. "I'm that girl—and it's not finished!"

"You are that girl, Cynthia—and the painting is finished."

"Ted, no!" she cried. "It's so dark! I can't see beyond the storm."

"The sun always shines beyond a storm, little one. Always."

She drew away from him and looked into his face. He was smiling that slow, sad smile of the boy who had been too poor to be young, too frightened to paint with his soul. She felt tears of pity burning in her eyes—tears for that boy and for the man who had felt the young urge of his soul once more and had dared to paint it for her.

She would have it always now, even if he could no longer follow the way himself. That was what he had been trying to tell her yesterday—each to the limit of his true desire, each to the limit of his strength.

She moved out of his arms and stood in front of him.

"I think I understand, Ted. I think I know. And it's a beautiful painting! Thank you for doing it for me."

She leaned forward and touched his lips as gently as he had touched her own.

"Thank you for being my friend. Thank you for making me beautiful."

She left him then and walked slowly home.

The train was rushing along the shore of the Hudson. Cynthia saw a marsh and cattails and lead-colored water, and two gulls chalk-white against the grey sky. The sky had been bright when they started, but now a storm was coming up over the mountains on the opposite shore, and she felt sud-

Continuing . . .

That Night On The Island

from page 54

denly as if she were plunging headlong into Ted's painting, and she raised her hand to her throat in terror.

"All finished crying?"

She turned quickly. It was the young man with the tweeds and the pipe he didn't know how to smoke and the hair that was almost red. He had been sitting across the aisle from her, but now he was sitting in the chair beside her. He was trying to hide the stiff nervous-

crying. Only it isn't realistic to blame it on cinders when you're riding in an air-conditioned car."

She did not answer him, and after a while he said:

"I cried on my way up to school last year. I guess I blamed it on a cinder, too."

She turned and looked at him, and he was blushing with

Rain slashed tears across the window glass.

The storm was silent. She could not hear the thunder above the noise of the train. It was silent, like the storm in Ted's painting, and the train was hurling her straight into it, and deep inside she screamed, "Ted! Ted! . . . I'll never forget you! Never—never—never—"

She heard the words loud inside, crying so loud that everyone on the train was sure to hear them above the roar of the wheels. She opened her eyes and saw the boy in the tweeds walking towards her, holding two glasses of ginger ale in his hands.

He was walking slowly so as not to spill the drinks, and each step he took was in rhythm with her words, as if he could hear them too and was moving to their cadence.

But each step seemed to muffle the words, as if he were stepping down on the soft pedal of a giant organ, stilling the clamor. The words lost their loudness and faded with a sigh into the click-clacking of the train wheels.

She reached out her hand to stop the fading words, to grasp the fading name, to cling to them and hold them and draw them back to the emptiness inside. But all that her fingers touched was the cold glass of ginger ale. She sat back wearily in the seat.

"Look," he said. "There's a patch of blue sky! I guess it was just a summer storm."

She watched the patch of bright blue sky spreading the clouds apart. A shaft of sunlight skimmed over the lead waters, turning them to green-gold. The wind wiped the rain tears from the train window.

"Just a summer storm," she nodded.

The ginger ale was cold against her tongue. She looked up and smiled. Suddenly they both laughed.

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ness of his smile by biting hard on the stem of his pipe.

"I wasn't crying," she said.

"I had a cinder in my eye."

"There aren't any cinders on a Diesel," he said. "How can you get a cinder in your eye in an air-conditioned car with sealed windows?"

She turned away from him.

"So I was crying," she said.

"I'm sorry!" he said quickly.

"Look. I didn't mean to make you sore. It's just that I think it's best to be practical and realistic. I'm going up to college to be an engineer, and I guess engineers get in the habit of being practical and realistic. There's nothing wrong with

the effort of his confession. She felt very sorry for him because he was so eager to make friends that he would admit to such a thing. And because he was so young and so eager, and because he was kind of cute, she said:

"I guess it's all very new and difficult the first year."

"Sure! It sure is! But you get used to it. How about a drink?" the young man said.

"I don't drink," she said.

"Ginger ale?"

She didn't answer him. She stared out the window at the storm's dark bulk across the river. Lightning cracked the darkness in fine lavender lines.

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Page 55



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The Australian Women's Weekly, February 12, 1959



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but now she found that she had both clear in her mind. Wide-eyed, she whispered: "Yes, sir! You are the Herr Direktor Sommerhof, who teaches Herr Meyer the flute." To her this was certainly the essential, as well as the only familiar, part of his many functions, and she wondered in some mortification why the old man laughed.

"I have that honor. Do you think he does me any credit?" With more confidence she said: "When he played 'Green Woods' it sounded very pretty. I do not know about music—but I like to hear him play."

"That is only fair, for he likes to hear you sing. That is why he brought me here. He promised me a prodigy. I do not find that his ardent was all partiality. Do you know, Anna, that you have a very beautiful voice? Who taught you to sing?"

"No one taught me, sir," she said, astonished. "I have always sung—I like to sing."

"You do not belong here in Vienna? You have no parents or relatives here?"

"No, sir, there is no one now. I lived with an aunt in Dobling, but she died last year, and now I look after myself."

"And your home? You are country-bred, are you not?" And as she bit a trembling lip at the suggestion that her rustic origin betrayed itself so readily, he said quite gently: "It shows in the complexion, in the clearness of the eye and the candor of the glance—not in any want of grace. You should be glad of it."

"My father had a mill in a village in the Eagle Mountains. He was a widower, and had no son to help him, and it did not prosper. He died when I was seven years old, and the mill was sold, and I stayed for a time with my other aunt in Prague, and then I came here."

He nodded his head wearily several times, and his long grey hair stood up on his head like thistledown. Then he asked abruptly: "Will you sing for me again? Whatever you please!"

She heard Hugo draw a deep breath of delight, but she

Continuing . . .

The Linnet in the Garden

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herself felt for a moment nothing but fright and outrage, and a longing to escape. "What shall I sing? I know nothing but our country songs. I have no training. I do not know music."

The two pairs of eyes dwelt upon her intently, the old man's sceptical, patient, considering, the boy's shining with hope and anxiety and unguarded affection. That look of Hugo's dazzled and yet calmed her. She saw his fingers gripping the flute hard, and his lips quivering with the longing to speak, and an extraordinary protective tenderness flooded through her heart and left her washed clean of fear.

She could not fail Hugo, who had believed in her and boasted of her. Everything she had was not too much to lay in Hugo's lap. She felt the other song, the secret song, bursting like a flower out of its hiding-place. She closed her eyes, and let it well up out of her lips as a spring purls out of the earth. Until that moment only herself and its maker had ever heard it.

"The linnet in the garden sings, So small, so sweet, a pipe she raises. Shy as the fluttering of her wings, And tiny as the listening daisies."

If I should follow, she would fly,

But if I woo her, will she linger, And stoop from yonder autumn sky

To be the linnet on my finger?"

Its brevity, which had once displeased her, seemed now perfection. A pearl is even smaller. When she had shut her lips upon the last limpid note of the tiny, pure, playful melody, she sat for a moment with her eyes still closed, listening to the silence, not knowing if it meant pleasure or perplexity. When she opened her eyes she found she could

not see for tears; and when these had slowly cleared, neither the young man nor the old had moved or spoken. Their two faces looked absurdly alike, wide-eyed, still, passionately attentive.

It was a full minute before the Herr Direktor asked, in a low, grave voice: "Where did you learn that song?"

"You don't know it," she said, instinctively jealous for her possession, the only thing she had in the world of her very own. "You can't know it! It is mine!"

"No, I have never heard it in my life, that is what is marvellous about it. That is why I ask where you learned it. Yours, you say—very well, but where did you get it? Can one possess this song? And how—how? How is it possible?"

FRIGHTENED by an intensity she could not understand, she ventured to ask, "Did it please you?"

"It pleased me. Both the song and the singer. I would not have believed that such perfection of simplicity was possible at the end of many subtleties, but you have it, it seems, by nature, or by some communication which I confess I do not understand."

Hugo, quivering with excitement upon his bed, broke in eagerly: "Did I not tell you, sir, that she could sing Barbara after no more than a month's study? And who knows—"

"I told you to stop chattering, jargon, said Herr Sommerhof tartly; but the hand he clapped on Hugo's shoulder lit with the casual brusqueness of affection. It was that gesture, so nearly a caress, that won Nanyinka. An old man who could be so moved by her song, and who stood in such a paternal relationship to Hugo, no matter how he chose to hide his

partiality behind growls and grumbles, was a man to be trusted.

She jumped up from her chair, pale with resolution. "If you will wait a moment, sir, I will bring the song to you. I have it, it was given to me by the man who made it. If you would like to see it, I will show it to you."

Once out of the room, she flew up the stairs to her attic bed and groped under the mattress for the wooden box. She brought it back to them gravely, held before her in both hands, as though she carried something holy; and before their eyes she took from it a half-sheet of manuscript paper with a roughly torn edge. Both the notation and the words that danced beneath were mysteries and magical to her.

She put it into the old man's hand and watched him carry it to the window, for the ink had faded to a purplish-brown in the ten years since it had been written, and the hand was so deft and tiny that for all its clarity it needed good eyes to decipher it.

He was silent a long while, staring at it, his back turned upon the boy and girl, who instinctively drew close together as they waited for him to speak. There was something here which had outgrown the mere issue of Nanyinka's voice and the future uses to which that radiant little instrument might be put. They felt the strangeness of the moment and watched the slip of paper warily, waiting for a miracle; and in a moment they perceived how reverently the old man held it, and how far beyond their understanding was his stillness and silence.

He turned at last and lifted his eyes from the skipping notes to Nanyinka's face. "Do you know, child, what you have here? Did you not realise that it might have a value? Surely

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when you read what is written here—

Slow crimson welled out of the folded muslin collar of her dress and mounted her fair face from chin to brow. She lowered her eyes and confessed in a whisper: "Sir, I cannot read."

"Ah! I see! Then that, too, must be remedied. But, then, did you never show this to anyone else? In—how many years? It cannot be less than six, and I think it must be somewhat more!"

"It is ten years since he gave it to me."
"And you never showed it to anyone?"

"No," she said almost inaudibly. "Never to anyone."

"But, if you cannot read, how did you learn the words?"

"From him," she said, and the memory caused her to smile so suddenly and brilliantly that the little room seemed to shine.

"Did you know who he was?"

"No." She lifted her head and looked at him, still smiling, for it seemed to her that he would understand. "I did not want to know."

"Anna, my child, there is more to this than you know. Will you not sit down here and tell us how this thing happened to you? And then, if you will, I will tell you what it is that you have kept for ten years. Do not be afraid—you will not suffer any loss!"

ANNA sat down obediently and folded her childish hands in her lap and told them; and now that she had made up her mind the words came freely.

"It was when I was seven years old, in the autumn after my father died. I told you they sent me to live with my aunt in Prague, but she had a big family of her own and she did not want me there, and was for ever writing to my other aunt in Döbling to see if she would take me. I was very strange and missing my father a great deal. There was a big house near to us, with a beautiful garden like a little park, and often I used to slip in there to play by myself.

"The gatekeeper let me go

Continuing

The Linnet in the Garden

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in, but he told me not to go too near the house, because the lady had important company staying there, and I must not trouble them. But one day I did go near. I kept in the trees so that no one should see me, and I saw the house. It was not so big as I had expected, but very pretty—a pink house with a long room with many windows looking out on the garden and a laburnum tree just in front of it, and a railed terrace.

"After that I often used to go as near as I dared, because there was almost always music in this garden room. Sometimes there would be the lady singing—she sang like an angel. She was very pretty, with curling dark hair, and she laughed a great deal, and wore soft silk turbans in the new fashion, as

it was then, and slender dresses with high waists, and little flat shoes. And often there were instruments—harpichord and flute and harp.

"I loved to listen, and especially to the lady. I used to notice everything I heard, and try to copy it, and so it happened that I was often singing to myself when there was no one else in the garden.

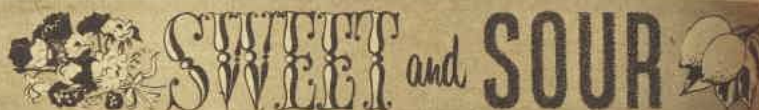
"And one day I thought there was no one to hear me, and I sang aloud one of the airs I had heard the lady singing. I had no words for it—only the tune. And as I was singing one of the windows of the garden-room opened and a little gentleman stepped out and looked straight at me, and

smiled at me. I was frightened, because I knew I ought not to be there. But when he smiled at me I stopped being afraid.

"He was quite small and slender, not nearly so tall as Herr Meyer. He had a wonderful coat with a high collar, and a white stock, and his hair was powdered and tied back in a ribbon. I do not know how old he was, but it seemed to me then that he was just the same age as I was, and it was quite impossible to be afraid of him. Besides, he was so happy. He had a pen in his hand and a smudge of ink on his cheek, and his face was like sunshine.

"I could not run away—there was no time, he came so

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● Contributions are invited for our Sweet and Sour Contest in which each week we award £2/2/- for The Nicest Compliment and The Best Backhander. Here are this week's winners:

THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

HAVING recently come to live near the sea, my husband and I usually stroll down and sit on the beach in the evening. Apparently this is not the local custom, as the leader of a group of lads said to us last evening:

"Are you on your honeymoon?"

To which my usually inarticulate husband replied:

"Yes, we've been honeymooning for the past 10 years."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. D. Gibbs, c/o Post Office, Machans' Beach, via Cairns, Qld.

THE BEST BACKHANDER

BEING slightly over the half-century mark, I was bemoaning my overweight and my grey hair, when my husband exclaimed:

"Why worry! You won't really age from now on. I'm sure that when you're 80 you'll look the same as you do now!"

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. A. Bateman, 112 Hamilton Road, Hamilton, Brisbane.

● Send your entries to "The Nicest Compliment" or "The Best Backhander," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



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Your one rich Sunsilk lather does all the work of two . . . polishing every single strand . . . washing thoroughly but so gently that your hair is smooth and gleaming, easy to manage the moment it's dry.

PEARS
Sunsilk
SHAMPOO

Bottle 1/3; big money-saving bottle 5/6; smaller bottle 3/9



Continuing . . .

The Linnet in the Garden

from page 58

suddenly. And then I did not want to run away. He said—I remember almost every word he spoke to me—he said: 'I thought I heard a linnet singing in the garden. Was it really you?' And when I said it was he asked me if I would not come in and sing to him again, and he took me with him into the garden-room, and it was all white and gold inside, with two harpsichords.

"He played to me and I sang to him, and then he sang, too, the same song I had been singing when he surprised me, in a small, high voice like a woman's. I did not understand the words—he said they were in Italian—and they began: 'Farewell, my lovely flame—I' I had never seen anyone like him. I do not think there could be any others. And afterwards I did not want to know if he was like other people, after all. I only wanted him to remain marvellous to me.

"Then he said I should have a song all to myself, and he sat down at the harpsichord, and he began to shine and to smile as brightly as if the music that sprang up in him had been light. And in a little while he smudged the other cheek with his finger and threw down the pen and began to play. He played that song I have sung for you—that song you hold in your hand. He sang the words to me, and played and sang over and over until I could join in with him.

"That is how I learned it. And when you learn something in that way—something which belongs only to you—you never forget it.

"I was disappointed at first that it was so short, for I had begun to fancy that I could learn something very long and hard. And I frowned, and asked if that was all. He said yes. I said: 'It's a very little song.' And he said: 'It's a very little linnet. But you will find that it is quite big enough. When a song has said all it has to say, then it is just the right length.'

"When I had it perfectly by heart I sang it through for him, the best I could, while he played for me, and he said I sang it very well and that some day I should sing harder things than this for him, and sing them just as well. And he wrote on the paper and gave it to me, and said it was mine.

"I was afraid to stay too long, in case my aunt should send to look for me. And I remember that when I said goodbye to him he kissed my hand. I liked that. And when I looked back from the edge of the trees he waved his hand to me.

"I cannot tell you how much I loved him."

THE men waited, knowing there was more to come. "That was all," Anna went on. "That day my aunt received her letter from Döbling and packed me off here the very next morning. I never saw the garden again, or the lady, or the little gentleman. But I kept the song always, and never told anyone. It was so much mine I could not share it with someone who would have thought it trivial or silly. And until—until Herr Meyer He did not mind when I sang, he said that he liked it—and then, today—the flute—"

She lowered her eyes, but not so quickly that she did not observe Hugo's surging blush of pleasure and the dazzling, boyish smile, at once abashed and complacent.

"Ah, yes, our friend Herr

Meyer!" murmured the old man with instant comprehension. "And therefore I, of course, was no obstacle—I was vouched for."

There was a further reason why I would not confide in anyone. He was to me—my little gentleman—so much more than a man, so different from other men, that I did not want him to have a name. If he was really only a mortal like the rest of us, I did not wish to know it."

"You need not have been afraid," said Herr Sommerbol very gently. "He was not like the rest of us. And he is surely immortal." He stood gazing at her for a long moment over the talisman he still held in his two hands.

RAISING his eyes to Anna, Herr Sommerbol went on: "Anna, how would you like to leave this inn and look for your future in another kind of drudgery? If you elect to go with me you will have to work and work and work until you may well wish yourself back in your kitchen. But you have a voice that ought not to be wasted, and a natural judgment, and youth, and many a prima donna has come to me with less. If you will put yourself in my hands I will make of you a singer, and of your little gentleman—God be with him, as he is surely with God—a true prophet. What do you say?"

Nannyka opened her lips and no words came. Her eyes filled with tears of longing and belief, for none of this could possibly be happening. For a moment she saw within her swimming eyelids a world made up all of song, with no more dingy sculleries, no food-mouthed cook shrieking, no Madame Groh hissing rebukes. Then her tears spilled over and ran down her round cheeks, and suddenly Hugo had his hands fast in his and was pointing eager, heartfelt assurances into her ears.

"Nannyka, dear Nannyka, it's true! Herr Sommerbol would not deceive you. You can do your part and you need not fear that he will not do his. You must not be afraid to venture! You must not be afraid of anything! I shall be near. I will take care of you."

"My good sister Agatha will take care of her, I thank you," said the old man dryly, "and you are not in her good books. Master Hugo, so if you wish to be admitted to Anna's acquaintance in future I advise you to walk circumspectly. Well, child, I am waiting. What is your answer?"

Clinging convulsively to Hugo's warm, kind young hand, Nannyka gasped: "Do you mean it? Is it possible? Oh, I will work and work, I will do anything if only I can really learn to sing. You shall never, never have reason to complain of me. But are you sure?—for I have no training and no one to vouch for me?"

"No one to vouch for you? Anna, Anna, you do not know what you are saying. Listen—here is the voice that commends you to me." And the old man lifted the fragment of manuscript paper to the light, and read aloud, reverently and tenderly, the inscription which followed the song:

"To the linnet in the garden, in gratitude for her performance and expectation of her many future triumphs, from her most humble, devoted obedient servant.

"Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart."

(Copyright)

192.—Smartly tailored one-piece dress can be made with short or three-quarter-length sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material. Sketch B with short sleeves 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

Fashion PATTERNS

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4066, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F4780.—Pretty late-day dress designed with a low-at-back neckline and contrasting back panels. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material and 1½yds. 36in. contrast. Price 4/-.

F4781.—Semi-sack dress and matching straight-cut jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material, or 5½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 5/-.

F4780

F4781

F4197

F4741

F2877

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F4741.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make waist petticoat. Sizes 24 to 30in. waist. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and 7yds. 5in. embroidered edging. Price 2/6.

F2877.—Small girl's one-piece dress can be made sleeveless with a frill finish or with puffed sleeves. Sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 2½yds. to 3yds. 36in. material and 1½yds. edging. Price 3/-.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 648 — SHEATH DRESS
The dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in floral-printed poplinette. The color choice includes aqua, coffee, grey, and avocado-green. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 45/-, 36 and 38in. bust 47/6. Postage and registration 3/6 extra.

No. 649 — SMALL GIRL'S DRESS
The dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in a printed haircord. The color choice includes pale blue, red, and green; lemon, green, and blue; pink, lemon, and green; and navy-blue, red, and green. Sizes: 4 years 28/6; 6 years 32/3; 8 years 33/3; and 10 years 35/6. Postage and registration 2/3 extra.

No. 650 — SUPER CLOTH AND MATCHING SERVITTES
The cloth and matching servittes are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice includes Irish linen in cream and white, and sheer linen (for cloth sizes 38 by 36in. only) in pink, blue, lemon, and green. Sizes: 38 by 36in., price 31/9; 54 by 54in., 33/6. Postage and registration 2/3 extra. Servittes 11 by 11in., 1/6 each. Postage 4d. extra.

No. 651 — ONE-PIECE DRESS
The dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in floral printed cambric. The color choice includes blue and green on pink; grey and lemon on green; pink and green on pale blue. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 49/3, 36 and 38in. bust 52/6. Postage and registration 3/6 extra.

• Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

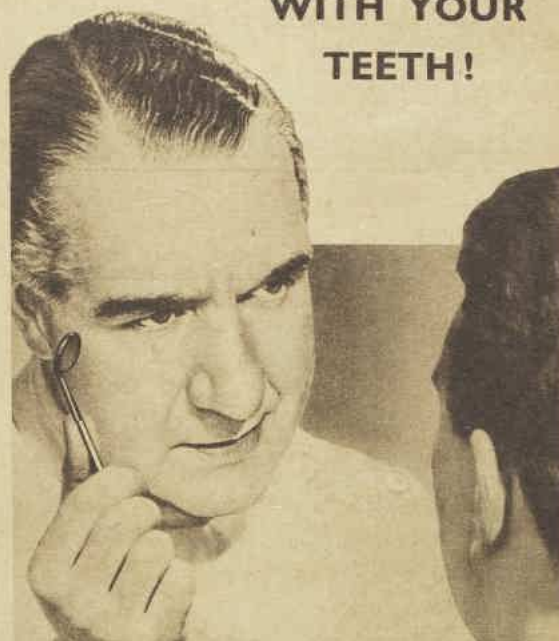
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Scholl Soft-grip gives maximum comfort for any leg length; correct support throughout entire length of stocking. Double expansion mesh gives perfect control — is cool, light, ventilated. Near invisible — no seam, hem or ridge — can be worn under linen nylons. Insist on Scholl Soft-grip. From Chemists, Surgical Suppliers, Stores, Scholl Depots.

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In the history of America's wild west, with its ruthless pioneers and outlaws, Annie Oakley stands out among the many women of courage and resource by her almost uncanny skill with firearms, when marksmanship was a life or death hazard for those she loved or defended. With it all she was gently, lovingly feminine. Gail Davis, who plays Annie Oakley in Arnott's T.V. Session on T.C.N. at 7.30 every Thursday evening, has those same qualities which endeared Annie to young and old alike, so in her Annie Oakley lives and rides again in the cause of right and justice.

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Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, is as yet unaware of the strange happenings out in the country where Professor Pell has been conducting experiments into ultra-ultra short-waves. The worried local farmers call on him, but, assuring them that there is nothing to be concerned about, the professor continues his work. As two farmers discuss the

experiments in their yard they are amazed to see a whirling green spiral appear out of nowhere. As the spiral revolves before the men it swallows up a chicken. Then, to their horror, one of the farmers is drawn into it and disappears. A moment later the spiral, too, vanishes. NOW READ ON



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



Latest Aid to Good Dressmaking

An interlining that just iron-in! Perma-Bond woven interlining preserves the line and cut of your garments—gives a perfect finish.

- Quick, easy to use.
- Firm, but flexible.
- Washes, dry cleans.
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I find them marvellous for Constipation, Indigestion, Headaches, Stomach Troubles, Rheumatism and many other aches and pains. And I use them regularly and if the bottles are empty, a Ford Pill crumbled in honey puts them right, overnight.
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CURLYPET makes baby's hair grow curly... removes nasty cradlecap. Get a month's supply of CURLYPET from your Chemist or Store for 4/10.

Curlypet

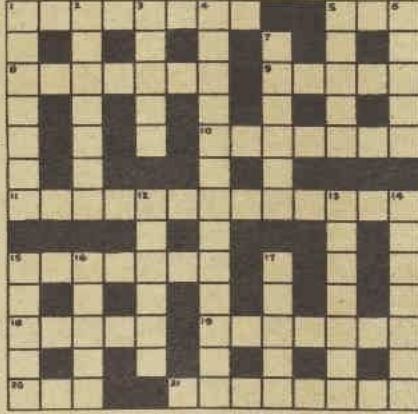
THE BEST COOKS use
FAULDING essences



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

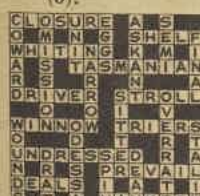
- Up to this her broken tune came to nothing (8).
- Symbol of repentance in a sound thrashing (3).
- Genuine rag turns into red arsenic (7).
- Loud though the start denies it (5).
- One's own judgment with no pin attached to the charged atom (7).
- Desire whiningly by shedding tears for a satellite (3, 3, 3, 4).
- Long-winded talker, some even call it a musical instrument (7).
- You may deliver a formal speech for no local tax (5).
- Lean imp (Anagr., 7).
- This newt is carried by every leftist (3).
- The ace he had may give him a migraine (8).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Person who has unorthodox opinions (7).
- If you want the truth, try a lie (7).
- Forces onwards. Sure; at least outwardly (5).
- Change in fortune caused by the rise or fall of the sea (4, 2, 3, 4).
- Not guilty. I was elsewhere (5).
- Famous composer, called "The Father of the Symphony" (5).
- Put into words with a tin die (6).
- Supposes it is open (6).
- No cop is able to produce lethal effect on bacteria (7).
- Specks on the cornea, shattered blue inside (7).
- Be the queen of flowers to make a dish of oatmeal (5).
- Allow to have a president of the U.S.A. (5).
- Lukewarm Edward hides a geometrical symbol (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Washing will get your clothes clean but only **Reckitt's Blue** can keep them really white.



and **Robin STARCH**
keeps things crisper, cleaner, longer

Lightly starched shirts stay crisp, clean and cool through hours of wear at work or leisure. Robin makes ironing so much easier, too.



BRASSO

strikes a bright note

Keep all your brass and copper shining bright and just like new with Brasso.

Insist on **VENCATACHELLUM**
THE WORLDS BEST CURRY

Each week, The Australian Women's Weekly publishes an attractive home plan. These plans can be obtained at the Weekly's Home Planning Centres in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Hobart. The plans are also on sale in Geelong.

next
time

you
"change"
Baby...

change
to

Nyal
BABY
POWDER



HERE'S WHY! STOPS CHAFING, SOOTHES SENSITIVE SKIN AND RESISTS MOISTURE

These are good reasons why Nyal Baby Powder brings so much comfort and contentment to your baby. It actually "moisture-proofs" the skin and thus protects against chafing. The moisture-resistant powder creates a barrier between wet nappies and baby's skin. Nyal Baby Powder forms a silky-smooth film of protection which clings longer . . . helps keep baby cool and comfortable even through long night hours.

Nyal Baby Powder is the softest, smoothest powder you could ever use. Made from the whitest, purest talc (specially processed and sifted through silk), it is so beautifully fine it brings soothing comfort to sensitive skin.

Nyal Baby Powder contains two gentle antiseptics (Boracic and Alphozone) carefully blended to give you a powder of unsurpassed quality. Thus Nyal Baby Powder not only relieves skin irritations, but acts as a mild deodorant, too.

And, moreover, the delicate refreshing perfume of Nyal Baby Powder will help keep baby fresh and sweet. So, next time you "change" baby . . . change to NYAL Baby Powder. Two sizes—Regular, 2/5, and Giant Economy Size, 4/9, which gives you almost three times the quantity for only twice the price.

ACTUALLY REPELS MOISTURE. Water simply "rolls" off when Nyal Baby Powder is smoothed gently over the skin. Unlike ordinary baby powders which absorb moisture, Nyal Baby Powder actually repels it. This moisture-resistant quality lessens the chance of wet nappies chafing baby's tender skin.

Nyal

BABY POWDER

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

"SOOTHES BABY'S TUMMY"

"Just one teaspoonful of Nyal Milk of Magnesia after feeding is the quickest way I know to soothe baby's upset tummy—prevent wind pains and acidity in infants," says Matron Shaw. "Nyal Milk of Magnesia is smooth, even and pleasant to take. Its gentle laxative action ensures regular habits, too. I have proved it safe for even the youngest baby." Mothers! Take Matron Shaw's good advice and have a bottle of Nyal Milk of Magnesia on hand always. Buy either Sweetened or Regular. Two sizes, 3/3, 5/-.

Nyal MILK OF MAGNESIA

Soothing Relief From Skin Irritations

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FAST. Large Tube, 2/3.

Nyal CALAMINE-LANOLIN CREAM

Safe, Positive Cough Relief for Baby!

Coughs and chest congestion in infants vanish quickly when treated with Nyal "Decongestant" BABY Cough Elixir. The 3-way expectorant, soothing, decongestive action of this proven effective formula "breaks" summer coughs far, far better than ordinary mixtures. Nyal "Decongestant" BABY Cough Elixir soothes sore, inflamed tissues of throat and chest; shrinks swollen bronchial tubes, cutting away phlegm and so making breathing easier. This soothing, cherry-flavoured elixir can be safely given to babies from six months of age. 4/-, 5/9.

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